

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CONTENTS.

I. THE RISE OF BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA.		
By Sir Alfred Lyall, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	195
II. MISS WINTER'S HERO, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	206
III. THE INNS OF COURT, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	211
IV. THE SIMIAN TONGUE, . . . . .	<i>New Review,</i>	218
V. STATESMEN OF EUROPE. Austria, . . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	222
VI. MADAME LA COMMANDANTE, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	226
VII. A DILIGENCE JOURNEY IN SPAIN, . . . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	236
VIII. EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE, . . . .		<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>
		241
IX. ARCHBISHOP MAGEE, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	246
X. THE MARRIAGE OF FRANCES CROMWELL, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	253

## POETRY.

MY LADY'S SONG, . . . . .	194	To LORD TENNYSON, . . . . .	194
THE GARDEN, . . . . .	194		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			256

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## MY LADY'S SONG.

SING again, oh, lady mine,  
Your rare ditty of the Rhine!  
Lovely visions rise and float  
On the wave of each full note;  
Silvery daybreaks brighten slow,  
Sunsets blush on mountain snow,  
Moonlight shivers on the sea,  
Autumn burns in bush and tree,  
And a charm lights everything —  
As I listen and you sing.

Blowing willows bend and sigh,  
Whispering rivers wander by,  
Through the pines sweep sea-tones soft,  
Sailing rooks shout loud aloft,  
Wild-fowl crooning cross the mere,  
Throstles in the dawn call clear,  
Vanished faces gleam and go,  
Silenced voices murmur low,  
Gentlest memories come and cling —  
As I listen and you sing.

Ah! repeat the music's tale,  
*Love shall perish not nor fail!*  
I forget the fear of death,  
Breathe in thought immortal breath;  
I believe in broadening truth,  
In the generous creeds of youth,  
In consoling hopes that climb  
Up to some triumphal time,  
And a dream of splendor bring —  
As I listen and you sing.

Macmillan's Magazine. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## THE GARDEN.

MY garden was lovely to see,  
For all things fair,  
Sweet flowers and blossoms rare,  
I had planted there.  
There were pinks and lilies and stocks,  
Sweet grey and white stocks, and rose, and  
    rue,  
And clematis white and blue,  
And pansies and daisies and phlox.  
And the lawn was trim, and the trees were  
    shady,  
And all things were ready to greet my lady  
On the life's-love-crowning day  
When she should come  
To her lover's home,  
To give herself to me.

I saw the red of the roses —  
The royal roses that bloomed for her sake:  
"They shall lie," I said, "where my heart's  
    hopes lie:  
They shall droop on her heart and die."

I dreamed in the orchard-closes:  
"Tis here we will walk in the July days,  
When the paths and the lawn are ablaze;  
We will walk here, and look at our life's  
    great bliss,  
And thank God for this."

I leaned where the jasmine white  
Wreathed all my window round:  
Here we will lean,  
I and my queen,  
And look out on the broad moonlight:  
For there shall be moonlight — bright —  
On my wedding night.

She never saw the flowers  
That were hers from their first sweet hours.  
The roses, the pinks, and the dark hearts-  
    ease

Died in my garden, ungathered, forlorn;  
Only the jasmine, the lilies, the white,  
    white rose,  
They were gathered — to honor and sorrow  
    born.

They lay round her, touched her close.  
The jasmine stars — white stars, that about  
our window their faint light shed,  
Lay round her head.

And the white, white roses lay on her breast,  
And a long, white lily lay in her hand;  
They lie by her — rest with her rest.

But I, unhonored, unblest —  
I stand outside,  
In the ruined garden solitude —  
Where she never stood —  
On the trim green sod  
Which she never trod;  
And the red, red roses grow and blow  
— As if any one cared  
How they fared!

And the gate of Eden is shut; and I stand  
And see the angel with flaming sword —  
Life's pitiless Lord —  
And I know I never may pass —  
Alas! alas!

Oh Rose! my rose!  
I never may reach the place where she grows,  
A rose in the garden of God.  
Longman's Magazine. E. NESBIT.

## TO LORD TENNYSON.

(Written at Freshwater, April, 1891.)

NESTOR of poesy, whose utterance sage  
Has charmed so long our times, exemplar  
    bright

In the hard war of truth, a steadfast light  
To guide our youth through this self-darkened  
    age!

Thou in a more heroic hour didst wage  
With men of mighty mould victorious fight  
Two ages back, and still thou reign'st of  
    right

King in the third, and none may lift thy gage;  
Nor yet in this thy lovely Pylian realm  
And hospitable home, wilt wholly rest,  
Shaping what shall not die, beside the  
    shore,

Till God shall bid thee sail and bend the helm  
Beyond the ocean and the misty west  
Whither thine own Antiochus went be-  
    fore.

Spectator. T. HERBERT WARREN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE RISE OF BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA.\*

BY SIR ALFRED LYALL.

IN undertaking to address you on the rise of the British dominion in India, I assume that the principal incidents and transactions of Anglo-Indian history are fairly well known. I shall endeavor to set before you broadly, and as briefly as possible, the general causes, the principal lines and conjunctures of events, which have combined to bring about such a remarkable climax as the establishment of a first-class European power in southern Asia, and the union of two hundred and seventy millions of Asiatics in fellow citizenship with ourselves under the sovereignty of the English crown.

I venture to affirm at the beginning that the relations between India and England constitute a political situation unprecedented in the world's history. The two countries are far distant from each other, in different continents; they present the strongest contrasts of race and religion. I know no previous example of the acquisition and successful government of such a dependency, so immense in extent and population, at such a distance from the central power. A State that is distinctly superior to its neighbors in the arts of war and government has often expanded into a great empire. In Europe the Romans once united under an extensive dominion and still wider ascendancy a number of subject provinces, client kingdoms, protected allies, races, and tribes, by a system of conquest and an administrative organization that anticipated in many salient features our methods of governing India. But the Roman dominions were compact and well knit together by communications. The Romans were masters of the whole Mediterranean littoral, and their capital, whether at Rome or Constantinople, held a central and commanding position. Then at the present time we see Russia holding down northern Europe with one foot, and central Asia with the other. She is the first power that has succeeded so completely in throw-

ing down the barriers which have hitherto divided the East from the West, as to found a colossal dominion in the heart of both continents. But with the Roman, Russian, and all other historical empires the mass of their territory has been annexed by advancing step after step along the land from the central starting point, making one foothold sure before another was taken, firmly placing one arch of the viaduct before another was thrown out, allowing no interruption of territorial coherence from the centre to the circumference. This was not so in the case of the Indian Empire. During the time when the English were establishing their predominance in India, and long afterwards, England was separated from India by thousands of miles of sea—the Atlantic and Indian Oceans lay between. The government of the English in India presents, I believe, a unique instance of the dominion over an immense alien people in a distant country having been acquired entirely by gradual expansion from a base on the sea.

The predisposing conditions, the currents prevailing in the political latitudes of Europe and Asia, that first opened to England the way to India and set us on to this great enterprise, may be traced down to the sixteenth century. That century is taken by Erskine, in his "History of India under the two first Mogul Emperors," as the period during which the kingdoms of Europe settled down into their national form, and he says that something of the same kind took place about the same time in Asia. This generalization can only be accepted, for either continent, in very rough and loose outline. It may be admitted, however, that in Asia the great internal commotions, the swarmings of tribes under such leaders as Jenghis Khan or Tamerlane, the overthrowing of dynasties, and the vast territorial conquests, ceased in the early part of the seventeenth century. For it was then that the Mogul Empire was established in India by the brilliant expedition of the Emperor Bâber, that the kingdom of Persia was consolidated under Shah Ismael, and the permanent boundaries of the Ottoman dominions in Asia fixed to some extent by the taking

\* A lecture delivered at Oxford.

of Egypt. Thus the three great Asiatic States of Turkey, Persia, and India were organized and shaped out at about the same time under powerful dynasties, which to some extent counterbalanced and steadied each other, so that there occurred a stationary period which lasted up to the eighteenth century. Then confusion broke out again in the heart of Asia; the two ruling dynasties of Persia and India were upset; and by the middle of that century the Mogul Empire of India, shaken to its base by Nadir Shah's invasion in 1738, fell rapidly to pieces.

Now it is also to be observed that at the beginning of the eighteenth century one main current of European enterprise, after some fluctuation, begins to set strongly and decisively eastward. And for the last hundred years the really potent element in Asiatic politics, which is likely to transform the whole situation, has been the rapidly growing predominance of European powers.

Of the political changes introduced by this overflow of Europe into Asia, the acquisition of all India and Burmah by the English has hitherto been incomparably the greatest; although the steady advance of Russia, pushing forward her steel wedges into the central regions, is fraught with no less momentous import to the destinies of the continent. But while Russia has been laboriously following the well-known and well-worn routes of conquest by land through the central steppes of Asia, the English have reached south Asia swiftly and securely by the open water-ways. And thus it has come to pass that, whereas all previous conquests of India have been made from the northern mountains to the sea, the English have acquired their dominion by an expansion from the sea to the northern mountains. I need hardly observe that this very remarkable exploit could only have been performed by virtue of great naval strength and superiority.

We all know what first took the English to India. Their object was to secure a share in the Indian trade with Europe, which has been from the days of the Roman Empire the largest, the most precious, the most profitable channel of

Asiatic commerce. So long as that trade followed its ancient routes by the Red Sea, or by the Persian Gulf, or across central Asia, the Western nations could have little or nothing to do with it. But the Turks broke or damaged those lines of communication; and the circumnavigation of Africa at the end of the fifteenth century opened a new thoroughfare by sea. These two events turned the whole course and direction of Asiatic trade; the merchant cities of the Mediterranean lost their advantages of position; and the competition for the commerce of India began among the ocean-going nations of the Atlantic seaboard. This commercial rivalry developed into an armed contest for political ascendancy in southern India, and laid the foundations of the English dominion. Now the French believe, and have often said, that if England had not got the better of them in the beginning of this contest India would have belonged to France, that they, in fact, would have been where we are now. That such an exploit as the conquest of India should have been possible to either nation is surely a very extraordinary fact, hardly less remarkable than its accomplishment by one of them. How was it that the richest and most populous country of southern Asia, a land of ancient renown and high intellectual civilization, lay just then unclaimed and masterless, a prize to be disputed for among foreign adventurers; that it became for a short time the battlefield of two far distant European nations? The immediate causes are to be found in the actual political conditions of India in the eighteenth century. But to these must be added certain permanent features and immemorial characteristics of the country; its physical geography, its political institutions, and the composition of its people.

The first thing that strikes most of us on looking back over the history of our acquisition of India, is the magnitude of the exploit; the second is the ease with which it was effected. At the present moment, when the English survey from their small island in the West the immense Eastern Empire that has grown up out of their petty trading settlements on the Indian seaboard, they are apt to be



struck with wonder and a kind of dismay at the prospering of their own handiwork. The thing is, as I have said, so unprecedented in history, and particularly it is so entirely unfamiliar to modern political ideas; we have become so unaccustomed in the Western world to build up empires in the high Roman fashion, that even those who have studied the beginnings of our Indian dominion are inclined to treat the outcome and climax as something that passes man's understanding. Our magnificent possessions are commonly regarded as a man might look at a great prize he had drawn by luck in a lottery, — that has ever been supposed to have been won by incalculable chance. Mr. Seeley, for instance, in that very instructive dissertation on our Indian Empire which occupies two chapters of his book on the expansion of England, lends himself to this popular belief. "Our acquisition of India," he says, "was made blindly. Nothing great in the sense that nothing similar to it had ever happened before, and that therefore nothing similar could be expected by those who for the first century and a half administered the affairs of the Company in India." I take this opportunity of stating my opinion that Mr. Seeley's view, which embodies the general impression on this subject, can be controverted by known facts. The idea that India might be easily conquered and governed, with a very small force, by a race superior in warlike capacity or in civilization, was no novelty at all. In the first place the thing had actually been done once already. The Emperor Bâber, who invaded India from central Asia in the sixteenth century, has left us his authentic memoirs; it is a book of great historical interest, and nothing more amusing has ever been written by an Asiatic. He says: "When I invaded the country for the fifth time, overthrew Sultan Ibrahim, and subdued the empire of Hindostan, my servants, the merchants and their servants [he means the commissariat], and the followers of all friends that were in camp along with me, were num-

bered, and they amounted to twelve thousand men. I placed my foot," he writes, "in the stirrup of resolution, and my hands on the reins of confidence in God — and I marched against the possessions of the throne of Delhi and the dominions of Hindostan, whose army was said to amount to one hundred thousand foot, with more than one thousand elephants. The Most High God," he adds, "did not suffer the hardships that I had undergone to be thrown away, but defeated my formidable enemy and made me conqueror of this noble country."

This was done in 1526; Bâber's victory at Paniput gave him the mastery of all northern India, and founded the Mogul Empire. He had really accomplished the enterprise with smaller means and resources than those possessed by the English when they had fixed themselves securely in Bengal with a base on the sea; and the great host which he routed at Paniput was a far more formidable army than the English ever encountered in India until they met the Sikhs. Now, what had been done before could be done again, and was indeed likely to be done again. So when at the opening of the eighteenth century the Mogul Empire was evidently declining towards a fall, and people were speculating upon what might come after it, we find floating in the minds of cool observers the idea that the next conquest of India might possibly be made by Europeans. The keynote had indeed been struck earlier by Bernier, who was a French physician at the court of Aurungzebe towards the close of the seventeenth century, and who writes in his book that M. de Condé or M. de Turenne with twenty thousand men could conquer all India; and who in his letter to Colbert lays particular stress first on the riches, secondly on the weakness, of Bengal. But in 1746 one Colonel James Mill, who had been twenty years in India, submitted to the Austrian emperor a scheme for conquering Bengal as a very feasible and profitable undertaking. "The whole country of Hindostan," he says, "or empire of the great Mogul, is, and ever has been, in a state so feeble and defenceless that it is almost a miracle that no prince of Eu-

rope, with a maritime power at command, has not as yet thought of making such acquisitions there, as at one stroke would put him and his subjects in possession of infinite wealth. . . . The policy of the Mogul is bad, his military worse, and as to a maritime power to command and protect his coasts he has none at all. . . . The province of Bengal is at present under the dominion of a rebel subject of the Mogul, whose annual revenue amounts to about two millions. But Bengal, though not to be reduced by the power of the Mogul, is equally indefensible with the rest of Hindostan on the side of the ocean, and consequently may be forced out of the rebel's hand with all its wealth, which is incredibly vast." If we bear in mind how little could have been accurately known of India as a whole by an Englishman in 1746, we must give Colonel Mill credit for much sagacity and insight into the essential facts of the situation. He discerns the central points; he places his finger upon the elementary causes of India's permanent weakness, her political instability within, and her seacoast exposed and undefended externally.

And now let me read you the words with which Alexander Dow, writing in 1764, when men began to see a little further ahead, closed the "History of Hindostan." This is what he says: "Thus we have in a few words endeavored to give a general idea of the present state of Hindostan. . . . It is apparent from what has been said that the immense regions of Hindostan might be well reduced by a handful of regular troops. Ten thousand European infantry, together with the Sepoys in the country's service, are not only sufficient to conquer all India, but, with proper policy, to maintain it for ages as an appendage of the British crown. This position may at first sight appear a paradox to people unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the inhabitants of Hindostan; but to those who have considered both with attention the thing seems not only practicable but easy." And so indeed it turned out to be; for old Dow's political speculations have been literally and exactly verified by the result. To give one more prophecy—in 1765 Lord Clive foresaw, and plainly warned the East India Company in a letter that has been often quoted, that they were already on the straight road to universal dominion.

What was the situation which, surveyed coolly and steadily by these experienced observers, led them to declare that all India lay at the mercy of a small but well-

disciplined and ably led army of invaders? They saw the whole country from the Indus to the Ganges, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, in utter disorganization; for the Mogul emperors had broken up all the minor kingdoms and petty principalities within their reach, had sedulously endeavored to monopolize in their own hands all authority, and to leave nothing standing except their own despotism. They had thus constructed a huge centralized top-heavy administration, carried on mostly by foreigners or men of foreign extraction, and supported by a great mercenary army. Long wars, dynastic contests, great military establishments, organized marauding and misgovernment, had trampled down and pulverized almost all the indigenous political institutions of India.

It was after the death, in 1707, of the Emperor Aurungzebe that this empire began to fall away under violent dislocation. His reign coincided generally in point of time with the era of Louis XIV. of France; and it may be said of these grand monarchs that their policy, at home and abroad, was of the same complexion. It was a system that in both instances contributed largely towards the dissolution of the kingdom and the eventual fall of the dynasty. Ambitious projects of territorial aggrandizement, unjust wars and oppression of weaker neighbors, characterized the foreign policies of both Aurungzebe and of Louis XIV. Blind persecution of unbelievers or heretics, and grasping centralization of personal authority, prevailed in their internal governments. Just as we read in St. Simon how bigots and lackeys and panders had undone the fortunes of France, so we know from Bernier and others how religious intolerance, the destruction of all local independence, the distribution of all high offices among incapable courtiers and grasping military adventurers, were ruining the Mogul Empire. The dominion which had sprung up out of the vigor and audacity of Bâber and his free-lances from the Oxus was now in the last stage of emaculate decay. The chronic invasions of India from the north-west, which had ceased during the flourishing period of the Moguls when they held Cabul and Candahar as their frontier outposts, now began again. Nadir Shah made his irruption in 1738, sacked Delhi, and rent away from the skirts of the empire all the Mogul provinces west of the Indus, including eastern Afghanistan. The barriers having been thus broken down, Ahmed Shah the Abdallee followed ten years later, and seized all the

Punjab in 1748; the Mahrattas from the south-west spread over central India like a devastating flood; and the whole land, having been levelled flat by the steam-roller of absolutism, was now easily broken up into anarchy. All the different provinces and vice-royalties went their own way; they were parcelled out in a scuffle among revolted governors, rival chiefs, leaders of insurgent tribes or sects, religious revivalists, and captains of roving bands. The Indian people were an immense mixed multitude swaying to and fro, and clinging to any power, natural or supernatural, that seemed likely to protect them. They were prepared to acquiesce in the assumption of authority by any one who could show himself able to discharge the most elementary functions of government. In short the people were scattered and without a leader, while the whole country was in the lowest stage of political exhaustion.

It was just at this epoch that the French and English appeared on the Asiatic stage, having distanced or disposed of earlier European rivals. The Portuguese had come first, by virtue of priority of discovery. The Dutch had followed, and wrested from the Portuguese much of their trade and settlements; but toward the end of the seventeenth century they had become entangled in long and ruinous wars with France, who was good enough to break the strength of Holland, and thus to relieve England of her most active maritime rival. In this manner it came to pass that, after the great settlement of Europe which was accomplished at the Peace of Utrecht, France and England alone faced each other as serious competitors for the prize of Indian commerce. Although the French had been much enfeebled by the disastrous dynastic wars of Louis XIV. which ended in 1713, in the peaceful interval of the next thirty years their resources and their enterprising spirit revived; so that towards the middle of the eighteenth century the commercial and colonial rivalry between the two foremost maritime nations may be said to have reached its climax. The colonial quarrel was fought, as we all know, in North America; the field on which the two nations met to contend for what was, at that time, the most valuable sea-borne trade in the world, was India.

This contest began early in the eighteenth century, after the Peace of Utrecht. Each nation was represented by a wealthy and energetic East India Company, both of which retained for some time their original trading character, founded settle-

ments and factories, and took little concern in the internal affairs of the country. But it was quite certain that when the French and English had thus fixed themselves side by side on the Indian seaboard they would speedily fall into collision. The eighteenth century was, you remember, an age of chronic war between the two States, of war that was indeed intermittent, like a violent fever, but that broke out regularly and with increasing heat after each interval. The rupture between France and England in 1744 was the signal for the beginning of formal hostilities between the companies; and thus within a very few years commercial rivalry had been transformed into an armed contest for political ascendancy in the Indian peninsula. In this struggle the English first developed their power.

It seems to me, therefore, that the rise and territorial expansion of our dominion may be conveniently divided into two periods, which slightly overlap each other, but on the whole mark two successive positions on the line of advance. The first of these I call the period of contest between Europeans for ascendancy in India — from 1744 to 1763. The second is the period of contest between England and other native Indian powers for the dominion of India — from 1757 to 1805.

To begin with the first period. As soon as war broke out in Europe in 1744 each nation for the first time backed its company with troops and war-ships; and both companies began to form connections with the neighboring Indian princes, and to take sides with them in their scuffles over the spoiling of the prostrate Mogul Empire. The conflict between French and English went on for twenty years uninterruptedly; for although England and France were at peace from 1748 to 1756 (between the Peace of Aix la Chapelle and the Seven Years' War), this interval was utilized by diligent unofficial fighting between the two Companies in India. You are probably aware that up to the middle of the eighteenth century international usages permitted very active hostilities to go on in remote countries, or upon distant waters, without any formal rupture between the States whose subjects were dealing each other heavy blows. So long as it was not convenient to take diplomatic cognizance of such dissensions, they might be treated as local irregularities. The institution of chartered companies gave a kind of half-legality to the armed expeditions that went out, on their own venture, to occupy fresh lands or new points of commercial advantage. That such com-

panies should be able to fight their own way and hold their ground by main force was a necessary condition of their existence; they had not only to beat off marauders and make themselves respected by barbarous potentates, but they had also to deal with their European rivals in the same business. In the regular war that ended in 1748 the luck had gone against us in India, because the French leaders by sea and land—Labourdonnais, Dupleix, and Bussy—were abler men than the English chiefs. But with the peace between the two governments began the contest between the two companies; for the general outcome of the war had been to increase the reputation of the French in India, and Dupleix had kept up his disciplined troops. His object was to establish a French dominion in southern India; and his method was to support one of the parties in a great civil war for the sovereignty of the Deccan; but he saw that the first and most indispensable step was to drive out the English. The English then, perceiving that their own existence was at stake, took the opposite side in the Deccan war; and they proved themselves in the long run so much better players than Dupleix at the game which he had begun, that after many vacillations of fortune the French candidates for rulership in the Deccan were finally worsted, and the French troops were very roughly handled by Clive and Lawrence. The French East India Company found all their funds squandered in much unprofitable fighting, while the French ministry saw that the grand project of French domination had collapsed; so they recalled Dupleix, who died in France overwhelmed by debt and disappointment.

It is natural enough that the French should be disposed to make a hero, almost a martyr, of Dupleix; and to assert, as Xavier Raymond has done, that England in conquering India has had but to follow the path which the genius of France opened to her. The struggle in India was only a brief episode of the great and arduous contest for transmarine dominion which was fought out between France and England in the eighteenth century; and in that episode Dupleix is the foremost figure. But yet I doubt much whether he ever had the means or the ability to influence materially the destinies of his nation. He was a man of intrepid and imperious disposition, who held openly that the French temperament was better suited for conquest than for commerce, and who accordingly embarked upon large and hazardous

schemes of political aggrandizement. He failed, in my opinion, as much from want of skill as from want of strength. He made the common mistake of affecting ostentatious display and employing unscrupulous intrigue in his dealings with the Indians; whereas a European should meet Orientals not with their weapons, but with his own. Mill, in his summary explanation of the conquest of India by the English, says that the two important discoveries for conquering India were, firstly, the weakness of the native armies against European discipline; secondly, the facility of imparting that discipline to natives in the European service. He adds: "Both these discoveries were made by the French," and almost all writers on Indian history have repeated this after him. But first the weakness of the Indian armies, especially in the south, had long been known; they were weak, not only against Europeans, but also against the bands of central Asia. And secondly there was really nothing new in the French plan of drilling two or three native regiments to serve as a contingent in the Deccan war. The Mogul armies had always contained a certain number of European officers, while within a very few years after the time of Dupleix the Mahratta leaders had trained battalions. So soon as the European companies began to engage in the Indian wars, the system of giving discipline to the native mercenary, who swarmed in all the camps, was too obvious and too necessary to be ranked as a discovery.

It seems to me, therefore, that Dupleix invented nothing, except a new departure in politics; he tried to substitute conquest for commerce, wherein he not only failed, but threw the game into English hands. I will go further, and express my doubt whether even his success could have materially and permanently changed the fortunes of France in India. For, in the first place, it is clear that the dominion in India of a maritime European nation must always depend upon the command of the sea, an advantage that the French had clearly lost. And secondly, the key that unlocks the gate of empire in India is to be found not in the far south, where the French had planted themselves, but in the north. It is this latter point which I desire to press upon your attention,—the point that, although all our fighting with the French was in the angle of the Indian peninsula, on the Coromandel coast, yet the true foundations of our dominion were laid not there, but upon our acquisition of the province of Bengal. It was at the out-

break of the Seven Years' War, in 1757, that Clive seized the French and Dutch settlements on the Hoogly River, defeated the nawab of Bengal, and within a few years placed in the possession of the East India Company not only Bengal proper, but also the rich and extensive provinces of Behar and Orissa. This was the territorial conquest which really fixed us upon Indian soil, placed us in so strong a position, and supplied us with such ample resources that we could never afterwards be dislodged. It enabled us to defend, as from a point of vantage, all our possessions on the eastern and western coasts, in Madras and Bombay, which could not have held out by their own strength. And, above all, it formed the base of our continuous advance into the interior of India.

It is therefore my opinion that the destinies of all India were determined by the taking of Bengal, in connection, be it always recollected, with our superiority on the Indian seas. Some writers have attributed vital importance to the desultory skirmishes and small though sharp battles between the French and the English in southern India. They appear to believe that if Bussy had beaten Lawrence in one encounter, or if Coote had not been too much for Lally in another, the course of Indian history might have been changed. Such views are, to my mind, erroneous. They betray some disregard of historic proportion; and they proceed upon the narrow theory that extensive political changes may hang on the event of a small battle, or on the behavior at some critical moment of a general of division. I do not believe that the issue of the contest between France and England for the gates of India hung upon any such nice balance of accident or opportunity. It was the defeat of the French by sea and land during the Seven Years' War, the disorder of their finances, and the rise of our naval superiority, that cut the roots of the French power in India, where it had never been planted very deep. And the main reason why the Frenchman was fairly overthrown in the last grapple on the Indian coast is that the English had their feet firmly planted in Bengal.

Here ends therefore my first period, for we are now on the threshold of my second period—from 1761 to 1803—when the contest for dominion in India lay between England and other native Indian competitors. And certainly it was from Bengal, not from the southern or western coasts of India, that the English set out on the

road that led to universal supremacy in India.

Now it must be understood that Bengal is, in more senses than one, the soft side of India. From Cape Comorin northward along the east coast there is not a single harbor for large ships; nor are the river estuaries accessible to them. But at the head of the bay we come upon a deltaic, low-lying region pierced by the navigable channels which discharge through several mouths the waters of great rivers issuing from the interior. Some of these are merely huge drains of the water-logged soil; others are fed by the Himalayan snows. On this section, and upon no other of the Indian seaboard, the rivers are wide waterways offering fair harborage and the means of penetrating many miles inland; while around and beyond stretches the rich alluvial plain of Bengal, inhabited by a very industrious and unwarlike people, who produce much and can live on very little. In the eighteenth century the richest province of all India, in agriculture and manufactures, was Bengal. As to this all authorities agree. Colonel James Mill, in his already quoted work, points out that it has vast wealth and is indefensible towards the sea. "The immense commerce of Bengal," says Verelst in 1767, "might be considered as the central point to which all the riches of India were attracted. Its manufactures find their way to the remotest parts of Hindostan." It lay out of the regular track of invasion from central Asia, and remote from the arena of civil wars which surged round the capital cities, Agra, Delhi, or Lahore. For ages it had been ruled by foreigners from the North; yet it was the province most exposed to maritime attack, and the most valuable in every respect to a seafaring and commercial race like the English. Its rivers lead like main arteries up to the heart of India. From Bengal north-westward the land lies open, and, with a few interruptions, almost flat, expanding into the great central plain country that we call the North West Provinces and Oude, and further northward into the Punjaub up to the foot of the Himalayan wall. Whoever holds that immense interior champaign country, which spreads from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal, occupies the central position that dominates all the rest of India. And you will observe that all the great capital cities founded by successive conquering dynasties have been within this region.

If now you look at the map of India, you will perceive that Upper or Continental



(as distinguished from Peninsular) India has been divided off from the rest of Asia by walls of singular strength and height. The whole of the Indian land frontier is fenced and fortified by mountain ranges; and where, in the south-west towards the sea, the mountains subside and have an easier slope, the Indian desert is interposed between the frontier and the fertile midland region. It is as if nature, knowing the richness of the treasure, had taken the greatest possible pains to protect it; for along the whole of that vast line of mountain wall which overhangs the north-west and the northern boundaries of India there are only a very few practicable passes. These are the outlets through Afghanistan, by which all invaders, from Alexander the Great downward, have descended upon the low country; and any one who, after traversing the interminable hills and strong valleys of Afghanistan, has seen, on mounting the last ridge, the vast plain of India spreading out before him in dusky haze like a sea, may imagine the feelings with which it was surveyed by one of these adventurous leaders from the Asiatic highlands. Along the whole northern line of frontier the Himalayas are practically impassable; for the chain of towering mountains is backed by a lofty tableland, rising at its highest to about seventeen thousand feet, which projects northward into central Asia like the immense glacis of a fortress.

Such are the natural fortifications of India landward. But an invader landing on the seaboard takes all these defences in reverse. He enters, as I have said, by open ill-guarded water-gates; he can penetrate into the centre of the fortress, can march up inside to the foot of the walls, can occupy the posts, and turn the fortifications against others. This is just what the English have accomplished in the course of the second of my two periods, — the period of wars with the native powers in India. Our occupation of Bengal, at the beginning of that period into which we now enter, transferred to that province from southern India the true centre of government; and thus we emerge rapidly into a far wider arena of war and politics. In 1765 the company accepted the high office of dewan or imperial commissioners for the control of the revenue and the finances; and when they had thus assumed charge of the treasury and of the army the company were soon compelled to stand forth plainly as the country's ruler.

The English now found themselves face

to face with the native chiefs and princes, none of whom had a better title or a longer tenure than our own; while in skill, strength, and capacity they were decidedly inferior. In fact the serious fighting powers with whom we had at this epoch to deal were only two, — the Mahratta Confederacy in the centre of India, and Hyder Ali at Mysore far down in the Indian peninsula. Hyder Ali was formidable because he occupied a position whence he could at any time descend upon Madras; and in fact he might have easily overpowered our settlements on the south-eastern coast if they had not been assisted from Bengal. The Mahrattas had set up a great military power in central India whence they could strike at all three presidencies, at Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, which were cut off from each other by distance and by difficulty of communication. From the year 1765, when we assumed the government of Bengal, up to 1805 — that is up to the end of my second period — our wars were almost entirely against these two antagonists; and by the end of that period we had completely destroyed Mysore, and had effectively disabled the Mahrattas.

Now it is a remarkable fact, to which I desire to draw your attention, that although beyond the north-west frontier of Bengal lies the country of the more warlike Indian races, who gave us much trouble later, yet by special good fortune we had no serious contests in that quarter during the period of which I am now treating. The explanation is to be found in the confused and dislocated political condition of northern India during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Afghans had broken in across the Indus from beyond the mountains, and had overcome the whole country down to Delhi; if they had not been able to hold it themselves, they had upset all other governments. The Mahrattas had marched up from the South with a great marauding army. Then the Mahomedan princes and chiefs of the North rallied under the Afghan leader, Ahmed Shah the Abdallee, to repel the Hindoo Mahrattas, and there was a tremendous collision on the field of Paniput just above Delhi. This was probably the greatest pitched battle ever fought in India, and the Mahrattas were totally defeated. Now this victory was greatly to the advantage of the English, and to no one else. The Mahrattas had sustained a knock-down blow which weakened them for many a year; and the Afghans did not follow up their success,



but on the contrary retired. Ahmed Shah the Afghan was a great captain, belonging to the type of men who conquer kingdoms for themselves in Asia. If he had used his victory to seize the vacant throne at Delhi he might have founded a strong warlike dynasty in Upper India which would probably have held the English in check for another half century, and would have endangered our position in Bengal. He would have been able to draw fresh supplies of fighting men continually from the hardy tribes beyond the Indus, just as all the Mahomedan emperors of India had done for centuries before him, and just as the English now stiffen their Indian fighting line with British soldiers. But Ahmed Shah had his own troubles at home; so he went back to his hills, where he founded that kingdom of Afghanistan which still exists, being upheld by the English as a barrier against Northern invaders of a much more serious kind than Afghans. When he returned in 1767, the road was no longer clear; for by that time the Sikhs had banded themselves together in the centre of the Punjaub; they lay right across his path, and resisted him with all the obstinacy of valiant fanatics.

The Sikhs, being a native Indian power fiercely opposed to the Mahomedans, entirely checked the inroads of the central Asian tribes, drove back the Afghans across the Indus, and sealed up the north-western gates of India for fifty years; until at last we relieved guard by adding the Punjaub to our Indian Empire in 1849. But the Sikhs were not an organized power until the end of the eighteenth century; and in the mean time the whole of that splendid and fertile region which extends from Bengal north-west to the Himalayas and the Indus, lay masterless, scrambled for and parcelled out among rival adventurers, who could take but could not keep. It was clearly a prize that had been and might be again easily won by superior enterprise, vigor, and ability in government. But it was very doubtful indeed whether any of the native usurpers or adventurers who were settling down among the ruins of Bâber's empire were capable of rebuilding it. For seven hundred years, at least, no great and durable government had ever been established in northern India on any other basis than foreign conquest; nor had any such dominion existed that had not drawn the *élite* of its army from beyond the Indian borders. The advent of a new foreign dominion might therefore be safely predicted. But the growing strength of the

Sikhs, and to some degree the establishment of the Afghan kingdom, were throwing barriers across the only line of invasion by land; while the command of the sea was in our hands, and all other maritime nations had withdrawn from competition with us. By this determination and concurrence of events the prize was reserved, as one might say, for the English. And so you will observe that immediately after one foreign empire (the Mogul) had been fairly uprooted, another (the British) began to form and develop as if by a natural process of necessary reproduction.

This, therefore, is my explanation of the facility with which, during my second period, the English rose to supremacy in India. The causes were threefold. They had no foreign competitors; the whole country was in confusion; and they held Bengal, the richest province of the empire, which gave them at once a base and an open line of advance. Yet from 1765 to the end of the century our territorial extension went on very slowly, and the reason of this is to be found in the condition of European politics, which reacted powerfully in India. From 1773 to 1784 was a very troublous time for the English all over the world. It is the misfortune of a peace-loving commercial people that goes pushing its fortunes into the uttermost parts of the earth, to have a good many scores running up against them wherever they go; and you know that it is this kind of score, and this only, which debtors are always anxious to settle on the first opportunity. Well, at this moment the French had a very heavy account against us, so had the Spanish, so had the Dutch, and so had Hyder Ali of Mysore. The revolt of the American colonies gave them all their opportunity; and most handsomely did they pay us off, especially in India, where Hyder Ali defeated our troops, ravaged our country, and very nearly took Madras.

This was in 1780, and the date fixes the lowest watermark of the tide of English fortunes during the struggle with the native powers. We were enabled to hold our own in India, and to weather the storm, by two things. The first was that we had undisturbed possession of Bengal, for that province was never attacked. The second was that we had in Warren Hastings a governor-general of first-rate capacity and courage; a man determined to stand fast at all hazards, who kept his head and carried high his country's flag throughout the tempest. His departure

in 1783 may be said to close the term of the East India Company's independent rulership. From that time India came, by Pitt's celebrated India Bill, under direct Parliamentary control. It is remarkable, however, that the immediate consequence of this great change was to stimulate, not to retard, the expansion of our territorial possessions. Mr. Spencer Walpole in his "History of Europe" has declared that every prominent statesman of the time disliked and forbade further additions to the company's territories; and in 1781 an act had certainly been passed forbidding governors-general to make wars, or treaties leading to war, without sanction from home. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the era of extensive war and conquest began when the crown superseded the Company in the supreme direction of affairs. The period of twenty years, from 1786 to 1805, when British India was ruled by the two first Parliamentary governors-general, Cornwallis and Wellesley—by governors-general that is, who were appointed by ministers responsible to Parliament and for party reasons—that period was also the epoch of the beginning of Indian wars on a large scale, and of our widest annexations; the greatest development of our territory coincides precisely with their tenure of office. If the foundations of the Indian Empire were laid by merchants, the lofty superstructure was raised by the Parliamentary pro-consuls and generals.

Of the new dynasty of governors-general the first, as I have said, was Cornwallis, who took office in 1786. Invested with supreme civil and military authority in India, steadily supported at home by a triumphant ministry, his work, his reputation, his close connection with Pitt and Dundas, all contrived to sweep away the obstacles that blocked the path of Hastings, and for the first time to clothe the representative of England in India with the attribute of genuine rulership. In the exercise of these ample powers he was materially aided by the political situation in Europe and Asia. The unfortunate wars of Lord North's day had ceased; they had been succeeded in Europe by a period of peace; it was the interval of uneasy calm before the explosion of the revolutionary cyclone. This breathing time gave Cornwallis leisure to carry out some large internal reforms, and an opportunity for a stroke at Tipoo at Mysore, whom he left maimed and savagely vindictive. Then, in 1793, began our great war with Revolutionary France, which

soon affected the temper of English politics in India. All Lord Cornwallis's projects of peaceful alliance with the native States, of non-intervention, and of a balance among the leading Indian powers, were upset in our furious struggle with Bonaparte, who sought Asiatic alliances, and who openly threatened India. Lord Mornington (afterwards Wellesley) came out imbued with the proud and warlike spirit which then ruled the councils of the English nation. He lost no time in discovering that French influence in the armies and cabinets of our Indian rivals was increasing to an alarming degree. Tipoo of Mysore had sent in 1797 a formal embassy to the French in the Mauritius, proposing an offensive and defensive alliance against the English, which of course the French accepted eagerly. Then in 1798 Bonaparte, having taken Egypt, addressed a letter to Tipoo, dated "Head Quarters, Cairo," saying: "You have been already informed of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea, with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of releasing you from the iron yoke of England," and asking for an agent to be sent to him. The Mahrattas and the Hyderabad States had in their pay disciplined brigades commanded by French officers. Such were the sparks that, blown across to Asia from the fiery wars of Europe, rapidly kindled a conflagration in India. The result was that within five years the two Wellesleys, *duo fulmina belli*, crushed out Tipoo altogether, disabled the Mahrattas, disarmed the nizams, annexed half Oude, pensioned off the great mogul, and finally established the unchallenged predominance of England in India. That he was allowed to give such scope to his ambitious and bellicose propensities must be attributed very greatly to the spirit of the time; for we have to remember that from 1793 to 1805 was an era of tumultuous confusion, of breaking up of kingdoms, and of unscrupulous, violent annexations all over the civilized world. Lord Wellesley's declared object was, in his own words, "the complete consolidation of the British Empire in India, and the future tranquillity of Hindostan." Nor, whatever we may think of the methods occasionally used by him to attain these ends, can we withhold our admiration from a conception so large, from so clear and far-ranging a survey of the political horizon. At the end of his governor-generalship the English frontier had advanced from the Bay of Bengal up to the skirts of the Himalayan Mountains. And so ends

my second period; for although the English had still before them two or three battles with the Sikh army, they had no longer any serious rivals for ascendancy in India; and by 1865 their predominant power had been firmly consolidated.

After this manner, therefore, and with the full consent of the English nation as expressed through its Parliament, did successive governors-general, pushed on by forced marches to universal dominion in India, fulfilling Lord Clive's prophecy and disdaining the sober ways of the old Trading Company. Let us now, before conclusion, overleap some thirty-five years of the present century, and see what is in 1838 our position in India in the opening years of her Majesty's splendid and memorable reign. The names of our old allies and enemies, of Oude, Mysore, the Mahratta princes, the nizams and others, are still writ large on the map of India; but they have fallen into the rear of our onward march, while in front of us is only Runjeet Singh ruling all the Punjab up to the Afghan hills. The curtain is just rising upon the first act of the great drama of central Asia politics; Lord Auckland is sending troops for the first time across the Indian frontiers into Afghanistan. What does this indicate? Not that we have any quarrel with the Afghans, but that after half a century's respite we are beginning to feel again the influence of European rivalry in Asia; and that, whereas in the last century we had only to fear that rivalry on the Indian seacoast, we have now to turn our eye in the opposite direction, towards the Oxus and the Paropamisus Mountains. Another half century passes; and in 1891 her Majesty surveys all India united under her sovereignty, whether directly administered, or through allied and friendly princes. The whole of Burmah has been added to India; Beluchistan has come under our protectorate, and our railways run up to the Afghan marches within seventy miles of Candahar. Our political frontiers now touch on the north-west the limits of Russian protectorates, and on the south-east run into the Chinese provinces and the outlying tracts claimed by the French beyond Siam. What is the consequence of this approximation of the European powers in Asia? The isolation of India from European politics, which has lasted about a hundred years, is about to cease; she is rapidly coming again within the recognized sphere of European diplomacy; the enlargement of her borders is becoming a matter of European concern; her external policy

and her military establishments are now to be regulated upon European, much more than upon Asiatic considerations. Instead of the jealousies of trading companies, and desultory wars between scattered settlements and petty fortresses, we have the greatest military powers of Europe—England, Russia, and France—slowly feeling their way towards each other across wide deserts, difficult mountain ranges, and the debatable lands that skirt the Oxus on the north or the Cambodia River on the far south-east.

A few words before I close. The position of England in India has been brought about, as I have tried very imperfectly to explain, by the natural propulsion—I might almost say the compulsion—of events; by a combination of determining causes in Europe as well as in Asia. But it is none the less extraordinary and unprecedented in history; and people still ask whether good or ill will come of it. It is a remark of Sir James Mackintosh that in the lifetime of a single generation the English lost one empire and gained another. He meant that we lost North America in 1783, and had won our Indian dominion by 1805; and he added that it is still uncertain whether we lost anything by parting with our American colonies, or gained anything by taking India. Mr. Spencer Walpole, a much later authority upon the history of England, inclines toward the view that in the end nothing will have been gained. "Centuries hence," he writes, "some philosophic historian . . . will relate the history of the British in India as a romantic episode which has had no appreciable effect upon the progress of the human family." Upon this I must remark that whatever may be the eventual advantage to England from her possession of India (of the immediate advantage there can be little doubt) it seems to me already plain that the effect upon the general progress of the human family must be very great. That one of the foremost nations of western Europe—foremost as harbinger of light and liberty—should have established a vast empire in Asia, is an accomplished fact which must necessarily give an enormous impulse and a totally new direction to the civilization of that continent. You will remember that since the Roman Empire began to decline civilization has not been spreading eastward; on the contrary, in Asia it has distinctly receded; it was driven out and fundamentally uprooted by the Mahomedans; the long dominion of Rome in Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor has left

very little beyond names and ruins. The exceeding slowness with which civilization spreads over uncivilized races and its liability to crushing reverses illustrate the strength of resistance possessed by barbarism entrenched behind the unchanging conditions of Asiatic existence. But if civilization barely goes forward in Asia, it is at least not likely again to go back. The forces which broke up in earlier times the higher political organizations, which thrust back the higher religion, no longer exist; neither the fighting power of Asia, nor her fanatic enthusiasm, is now in the least formidable to Europe. Not only is it certain that Asia lies at the mercy of the military strength of Europe, but in all the departments of thought and action she is far inferior. In these circumstances European civilization is never likely to suffer a great repulse at the hands of Oriental reaction; and European dominion, once firmly planted in Asia, is not likely to be shaken unless it is supplanted by a stronger European rival. Henceforward the struggle will be, not between East and West, but between the great commercial and conquering nations of the West for predominance in Asia. In this contest I believe the English will hold their ground; and in the mean time their dominion in India is an immeasurable and almost too rapid an advance toward the civilization of Asia. They have undertaken the intellectual emancipation of the Indian people; they are changing the habits of thought, the religious ideas, the moral level of the country. And whatever may be the destiny of our Indian Empire, we shall have conferred upon the Indians great and permanent benefits, and shall have left a good name for ourselves in history.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### MISS WINTER'S HERO.

MISS WINTER (Christian name Kate) stood at the window of the lodging-house drawing-room, her hands clasped behind her back, looking out at the sea, with a very dissatisfied face. Of what use was it to be rich and pretty and twenty-two, if one could not have one's own way? Fathers were all very well — with a glance at the portly personage in the corner, half hidden behind his newspaper; but no middle-aged father living could even begin to comprehend all the lights and shades

involved in a case like this. Laurence had said so himself; and her father had never made any pretensions to finer feelings; he was simply an honest, comfortable, matter-of-fact man of business, and his daughter had arrived at a crisis where those qualities were at a discount.

The state of the case was this. Mr. Winter had come to Scotland on some matter of business, and brought his household with him. They put up at one of the Clyde watering-places, and there Kate made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Laurence Glynn, about which acquaintance Mr. Winter had expressed himself very freely that morning, and Kate was resenting it accordingly.

"My dear, there's a dreadful draught coming in at that window," her father broke in upon her meditations. "Couldn't you shut it? or — What's the matter?"

"Nothing particular," returned Kate, shutting down the window sharply. What was the use of going over it all a second time? "I'm going down to the beach; this room is unbearably hot."

"Very well, my dear; and perhaps I may come after you when I've finished my paper. Cheer up, Kate; there's as good fish in the sea as —"

But Miss Winter did not wait to hear the whole of that wise saw, neither did she adjourn direct to the beach. A narrow path wound up a low cliff behind, where the coastguard's flagstaff was planted, and thither she bent her steps. There was a circular green bench round the staff, and on the bench sat a handsome young fellow in a brown velvet coat. His hair was a little longer than is customary in these close-cropped days; and that, or a certain rapt, absent expression, would have stamped him at once as either poet or artist with most people. Kate, looking at him in the full flush of the warm sunset, felt that it was no light privilege even to know such a man; but having known him, that he — refined and cultivated to such a pitch of perfection — should have laid his fortune at her feet, should have counted her worthy to share his future, the fame that coming days were to bring him, passed all belief. At the sound of her foot on the springy turf he looked round.

"Kate, my queen!" — there was music in his lightest tone — "I thought you were never coming. Do you know this is the first time I have seen your face to-day? It has been all cloud; no sun has risen for me."

"I would have come if I could," said Kate very truthfully. "Oh, Laurence, I



don't know how I am to tell you what has happened, I am so miserable."

"What is wrong, Kate?" asked her lover, coming down from the clouds and growing suddenly sober.

"This is wrong. Somebody—it's that horrid Mrs. Smithson—has been talking to papa about you. She said you—you were idle, that you were over head and ears in debt. I can't tell you what she didn't say; and then papa came up to me, and said he would have no more philanthropy—that was the very word—about here, and—and that wasn't all."

Mr. Laurence Glynn had turned scarlet and white alternately. He got up from the bench. "And you agreed with them, I suppose?"

"Oh, Laurence!"—Kate's eyes overflowed altogether—"if the whole world said so, what difference could it make to me? Even if I had never seen you, I should have believed in you from your poems. No one but a good man and a great man could have written like that."

"Then the world may say what it pleases, my Kate." The young man flung himself on the grass at her feet and gazed up at her as Antony may have gazed at Cleopatra, Dante at Beatrice, Rizzio at his royal mistress. "Something must be done, however, and done at once," he said presently. "I will not lose my Kate for all the fathers or Mrs. Smithsons in Christendom. What was the rest of the tale, Kate? I may as well hear the whole of it."

"It's that John Petersen, a person who hasn't an idea beyond business and the money market—so everybody thinks him perfection; and he's coming over from Liverpool on Saturday, and papa hopes I mean to be civil to him."

Mr. Glynn's brows contracted. Instead of gazing at Kate, he was rooting up all the clover-heads within reach and hurling them into space. Kate watched the process with troubled eyes. He looked round at her suddenly.

"Kate, you never had any brothers and sisters, I think you once told me?"

"No. But what has that to do with it?"

"A good deal. You are your father's only child; that gives you a grand claim upon him; he would forgive you anything."

"I don't think he has had much occasion for forgiving me," said Kate, with a little touch of dignity.

"I know that, dear; but he may have more, or think he has, which comes to the same thing. We must just take the law into our own hands, and carve out our own fortunes."

"You mean ——" rather breathlessly.

"I mean that you must take me for better for worse without any delay. We are not the first who have been driven to that step, and we shall not be the last. Once mine, Mr. John Petersen and Mrs. Smithson may go to—anywhere they please."

Could the poet have been going to say—to Jericho? It sounded uncommonly like it, even to Kate; but she had no time to debate the point; she was completely swept off her feet by the deluge of eloquence he brought to bear upon her. He pictured the desolation that must inevitably compass all her days, if she meekly allowed herself to be handed over to this narrow-minded, soulless worldling; the shattered hopes he himself would carry under all the honors with which his fellows crowned him, and—saddest reflection of all—to remember, that they two had once stood together at the very entrance to Arcadia and lacked the courage to enter in.

Ah me! if one could always sojourn on those exalted heights; but there was the valley waiting at the foot, the sordid details to be gone into, the practical arrangements discussed. The first thing was to get back to Liverpool—that was the poet's headquarters as well as the objectionable Petersen's. Once there, Laurence would procure a special license through a friend who was well up in that kind of thing; and then, the deed done, they could choose their own time for informing the powers that be.

They were to slip away to Greenock by separate trains to-morrow afternoon, and go down to the quay and take the Liverpool boat; and then, while Mr. Winter was scouring about the different railway stations for the runaways, they would be sailing peacefully over the blue waters beyond all reach of pursuit.

"To think that this time to-morrow we shall be together—not a cloud to dim our gladness, not a jarring note to make discord in the harmony—'Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,'" said Mr. Glynn, waving his hand—a shapely and well-cared-for hand—towards the dipping sails on the horizon. "Of course the railway is the quickest; but there is the telegraph and cross lines, and a hundred chances to guard against, that the sea is exempt from. Kate! we shall both look back upon it as the happiest expedition we ever had—our very first together. The distance is nothing; it will be only too short for the delight we shall crowd into it."

But all this rapture notwithstanding, Kate went through that evening with a curious sense of oppression at her heart. Her father was her father; she had had nothing but love and kindness, albeit somewhat rough and ready kindness, from him since she could remember. No shadow of trouble had ever fallen across her sheltered path. If it were for any one else in the world than Laurence, she could never have entertained the thought of leaving him; but there were times—Laurence said so—when even the best of fathers must stand on one side. Kate found herself watching him quite tenderly as he sauntered about the room, and hoped he would not mind very much, when he found she was gone.

"I tell you what it is, Kate," he said, stopping in front of her on one of his peregrinations. "I don't think this idle kind of life is exactly good for us; we'll go home to our cotton bales again next week. I'll be right glad to get my shoulder to the wheel once more; nothing takes the place of it, even on a holiday."

Next week! Kate bent her head over her book; she did not feel equal to any comment.

"By the way, John Petersen will be here to-morrow afternoon. I'd a line from him by to-night's post; so we'll make a grand wind-up and all go back together."

"To-morrow!" echoed Kate. "He said Saturday before."

"Ay; but I think he's wanting a sight of you, Kate; there's a limit even to patience."

"As long as he has a ledger beside him he will put up without a good many other things," remarked Kate, getting up and gathering her scattered properties together.

"Don't be too sure of that, my lassie—still waters run deep."

The weather had broken when Kate looked out next morning; sea and shore were muffled up in a shroud of damp grey mist, known to the dwellers in that region as a *haar*. Kate gave an involuntary shiver as she thought of the pilgrimage to be begun under its auspices; a bright day would have made such a difference. It was too late for reflections now; but she set about making her necessarily limited preparations with strange want of enthusiasm; that glowing future seemed to have dwindled into something vague and far away; while present surroundings loomed large and lifelike instead, after the fashion of the house gables in the misty street; while the rolling hills behind had vanished

into blank space. Another of Laurence's similes. Kate herself was not good at ideas of that kind, possibly one of the reasons she was attracted by it in him.

And so the day wore on. By four o'clock Kate found herself rattling into Greenock station. How she had escaped at the last she hardly knew, only here she was, and every now and again a big tear splashed down on her lap and blotted out what landscape was left. Laurence was waiting on the platform. Kate greeted him with something suspiciously like a sob. "Laurence, I don't like going off like this a bit; it isn't like a real wedding at all."

"Never mind, Kate. What does a little present inconvenience count for? Think of what lies beyond! See; I've got a cab ready waiting for you."

The cab was one of a row, and did not appear to be waiting for her more than anybody else.

"Papa is in Glasgow to-day," said Kate as she got in; he went this morning to meet John Petersen. I hope we shan't meet them."

"I hope not, indeed," ejaculated Mr. Glynn in some consternation. "Sit well back, Kate. What a good thing we decided to go by the boat!"

Down to the wet, sloppy quay, where, jostled by porters and packages, surrounded with noise and dirt and discomfort of every description, they contrived to struggle up the slippery gangway on board a smoky, panting steamer known as the Bluebell. There was little of the bluebell element about her beyond the name; and Kate shrank back in unconcealed dismay from the motley collection of passengers and cargo that thronged the deck. Where was the poetry to come in? Was this the white-winged carrier that was to waft them over the summer seas to their earthly paradise?

The deck was an impossibility. As they stood bewildered in the stream of traffic, a little sharp-faced, elderly lady, who had followed them up the gangway, and was evidently accustomed to travel, touched Kate's shoulder. "Pardon me; I think you would be more comfortable in the saloon; the boat is going to be very full to-night."

They followed her down. The boat was full; they had some difficulty in finding sufficient space to bestow themselves and their wraps.

"I had no idea it was going to be such a crush," said Mr. Glynn, surveying his fellow-travellers with unmitigated disap-



proval. "Kate, I'm afraid it won't be quite so pleasant a trip as we expected; still, we are together — that is one bright spot in the gloom."

Kate nodded rather grimly; somehow sentiment felt flat with an audience of children and nurses on either hand reaping the benefit; and Mr. Glynn felt it. After a few more attempts at longer and longer intervals, he suggested taking a turn up above to see how they were progressing. "The wind is rising, so that will blow the fog away; we may have a fine evening even yet," he remarked.

"We may," responded a ponderous matron, taking his observations to herself; "but I'm thinking we'll be wishing for the fog instead, before we're much older."

"I don't quite follow you," said Mr. Glynn distantly.

"I've been this road before, and I know what a wind means when we get round the corner. Why, I've seen this cabin with not a person in it able to hold up a finger, except the stewards. Are you a good sailor, ma'am?" turning to Kate.

"I don't know; I never tried it more than a few hours at a time," owned Kate.

"Ah, well! I'm thinking you'll know more about it by morning. Hear to that!"

Laurence had vanished. Kate sat on alone, sometimes watching the people about her, sometimes exchanging a word or two with her neighbor, the little elderly lady. Miss Priestley her name was, and she had something to do with a girls' school, Kate found. By and by it got dark, and Kate began to wonder if Laurence could have been washed overboard; it was strange he never came to see after her. This was not at all the kind of treatment he had promised last night. Thoroughly uneasy at last, she crept up the brass-bound stairs to the upper deck. The mist had cleared away, but the rain was coming down in sheets, and the boat pitching and plunging in a fashion that Kate was certain was most dangerous, apart from the discomfort of it. A feeling of righteous indignation against her truant lover began to surge up in her breast as she stood there holding on to the rails.

"By your leave, miss." A steward bustled past with something in a glass to a miserable, crumpled-up object crouching in a distant corner. In the dim light, Kate had not noticed that any one was there. The next minute a fretful, high-pitched voice fell on her ear.

"What do you mean by bringing such beastly stuff? Take it away, if you don't want to be kicked out of this."

Kate launched herself across the space between like a thunderbolt. Could — could that be Laurence? that draggled, battered creature, shivering and trembling like a baby, and railing at a steward in that manner — her hero, her poet, her Sir Galahad!

"Why, Laurence," she cried indignantly, "what has come to you? What are you behaving in this way for?"

Mr. Glynn was utterly unable to explain. Human nature is much the same the wide world over; in the throes of sea-sickness, even a poet has to take his place with the rank and file. He simply laid his head down on the wet bench before him and groaned.

And Kate? Alas for Kate! Instead of the womanly sympathy that ought to have been forthcoming, she stood and looked down upon him in stony silence.

"You had better ask that steward to put you to bed," she said presently, in quite an altered tone. "You are not likely to get any better in that state." And without one backward glance or look at him, Kate turned about and marched down to the stuffy cabin she was to share with the little teacher. That lady was already there, and glanced up at Kate's flushed face. "Did you find your friend?"

"Yes," said Kate shortly. "I found him — disgustingly sick."

Miss Priestley laughed. "Sickness is hardly a crime, my dear."

"It is for a man to go and make a baby of himself, and speak like a — a costermonger," said Kate severely. "If a little thing like this upsets him so, where would he be with a big thing?"

It was a big question. Kate stared at the flickering lamp as if it was keeping back the answer. "It serves me right. Why did I ever come?" she cried, suddenly putting her head down on the edge of her berth. "Oh, if I was only at home again with my father!"

Miss Priestley folded up her nightcap and took the sobbing runaway to her bosom. "What is it, my dear? Are you in trouble? Cannot I help you?"

"Nobody can help me any more," sobbed Kate. "I'm — I'm eloping."

"Don't do it," said the elder lady briskly. "Go straight back again to your father."

"I can't," cried Kate. "I never told him I was going, and he never liked Laurence besides."

"And seeing that 'Laurence' has persuaded you to behave in this way, I should say your father was very well justified in

his opinion. Tell me all about it, my dear."

And Kate did. The boat plunged and ploughed through the choppy waves, rain and spray dashed against the blurred glass of the porthole; the lamp smoked and pervaded the close air with its fumes — a fit setting for the telling of the brief love-story, that had seemed so sweet at the time, and was so humiliating in the retrospect. "I know how mean it must sound to you," said Kate half apologetically; "but indeed I would not have come away so suddenly if it had not been for that John Petersen coming this afternoon."

"John Petersen!" echoed Miss Priestley — "the Brunswick Street John Petersen?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Know him! I should think so — he is my nephew."

"O — oh!"

"And I can tell you," went on the little lady, "that he is worth any six of your Laurence Glynn's. You are a very fortunate girl to have made his acquaintance; he is no fair-weather lover."

"I don't want any more lovers," said Kate dismally; "I've had enough to-night to last me for years. I thought when people once fell in love they never changed; and here I feel already as if I never wanted to see Laurence or speak to him again, and I did love him yesterday."

"Or you thought you did. You must tell the young man you have changed your mind as soon as you get to Liverpool, and then we must telegraph to your father. You will be safe at home again in a few hours more."

There was no need to telegraph. The Bluebell steamed up the Mersey the next morning in a flood of brilliant sunshine, green fields and houses bedded in trees stretching away on the Cheshire side, one straight, unbroken line of dock wall on the other. Sailing-vessels flitted past like great gulls; huge steamers lay at anchor, swinging lazily round with the tide. Last night with its rains and storms might have been a bad dream. Mr. Glynn emerged from his hiding place and made terms with the long-suffering steward to help in repairing the ravages left on his personal appearance; after that, he went in quest of his lady-love. Never again would they two travel by water when there was dry land and a railway train to be had; never again would he write one line about that deceitful sea; better run the chance of any number of irate fathers, than go

through the mental and bodily anguish he had endured this night; and now that he was able to think about the matter, Kate had shown herself decidedly callous; she had made no attempt to help him, simply gone away, and done the best she could for herself, and he might have been washed overboard for any interest she evinced since. Miss Kate was pretty; she would be an heiress; but Mr. Glynn thoroughly understood his own value, and he could not but feel that she had not conducted herself towards him as she ought to have done. He sat down on the sheltered side of the saloon deck and lighted his cigar, the first since he had set foot on this abominable boat, and decided to leave that young lady to her own reflections for a season.

The Bluebell was bent on redeeming her character at the eleventh hour; she glided up to the pier-head as if she had been utterly incapable of either pitching or rolling. There was the usual motley crew gathered on the pier — cabmen, porters, policemen, and general riffraff; but surely there was one strangely familiar figure among them, standing under the open shed behind. Was it possible that that could be Mr. Winter himself, after coming by this horrible route on purpose to avoid him?

Poets are but men. Bad as the sea had proved, Mr. Glynn would have been quite willing that moment to head about and retrace the whole wretched journey. He retired precipitately behind a convenient ventilator to wait the development of events.

The enemy came on board, elbowed his way up the gangway the moment it shot into position. He was not alone, either; with him there was a broad-shouldered, determined-looking young fellow who could be none other than the objectionable Petersen. How they came to be there Mr. Glynn neither knew nor cared; the plain fact was all he was able to grasp at present.

"Is there a young lady on board?" Mr. Winter demanded of the first steward he encountered — "a tall girl in a brown ulster?"

"With a little old lady? Yes, sir."

"I don't know anything about the old lady," said Mr. Winter doubtfully. "You might — Why, Kate, it *is* you! Child, child! what have you been thinking of?"

Kate had shot out of the saloon like a whirlwind at the first sound of his voice, and was sobbing in his arms. Oh, papa, papa, I've never wanted you in my life as

I've done since I left you! How did you get here?"

"By the train, of course. It didn't take long to find out which way you had gone. A nice chase we have had after you. Where is that scoundrel?"

"I don't know," answered Kate, with a careless glance at the corner where she had last seen him. "I don't want to know anything about him again; he's been sick every bit of the way."

"The very best thing he could have done," remarked Mr. Petersen; "there's some good in the fellow, after all."

Kate was too meek to resent it. Was it not John Petersen's aunt who had been her sole stay through this weary night? She turned round to the little lady, who was standing patiently in the background beside her tall nephew, with quite a burst of gratitude. "You don't know how good she has been to me, papa; I believe I'd almost have thrown myself overboard if she hadn't been there."

There was no farewell scene between the young lady and her sometime hero, no parting valediction to the fair future they had planned out together so blithely. Mr. Glynn never stirred out of the shelter of that ventilator till he had seen the cab that held his faithless bride and her party safely up the long floating bridge; then he collected his own belongings and departed likewise. Love's young dream was ended.

He wrote a very touching sonnet under that heading a few months later when he read the announcement of John Petersen's marriage in the local paper; and what is more to the point, discovered an editor charitable enough to give him two guineas for it, which exactly covered his share in the expense of that very unsatisfactory elopement.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### THE INNS OF COURT.

THE Norman Conquest brought to this country a swarm of adventurers, amongst whom the most notable were lawyers, from the other side of the English Channel. These were for the most part Norman clergy and members of religious confraternities, whose numbers comprised the best educated men of the time, or, at any rate, the men who had the greatest opportunities of improving their minds in all matters of science and learning. The English laity must have regarded these

new-comers, of foreign language, foreign manners, and foreign customs, with the same mixture of wonder and contempt as did the rustics the voluble Cheap Jack at the country fair — beings, in fact, whom they could not understand, but who they felt certain were trying to outwit them. In course of time these alien clerics elbowed their way into all the best posts in the English monasteries, universities, and courts of justice, and used their very best endeavors to crush out of existence the common law of England — that ancient collection of unwritten traditions and customs which none but a native could appreciate, and for which they naturally had no sympathy — and strove to introduce in its place the civil code of the old Roman Empire, and its offspring, the canon law of the Catholic Church. This was the beginning of a long struggle between the promoters of the two systems of jurisprudence. On one side was ranged the powerfully organized body of ecclesiastics, on the other the laity, nobles, and commons, and a sprinkling of Churchmen.

In the reign of Henry III., however, the clergy were forbidden by the authority of the Church to act as advocates in the secular courts, unless as representing their own private interests or those of the destitute. Very unwillingly, we may be sure, the clerics retired from a practice that had gotten them much gain, and not a few whose consciences were sufficiently elastic took advantage of the obvious loophole of escape from the ecclesiastical prohibition, and continued to appear to plead the cause of "the destitute" in *foro seculari*. To cut a long story short, the tonsured practitioner gradually became a *rara avis*, and at last as extinct as the dinornis and the dodo. A statute passed in the thirty-sixth year of Edward III., enacted that all pleas in the courts of the king should be pleaded and judged in the English tongue instead of the French, a knowledge of which had hitherto been indispensable to the professional pleader. The removal of this restriction must have attracted an increased number of students to the legal profession.

In the mean time the lay practitioners, who were thus left in sole possession of the field, had formed themselves into associations, resembling in some respects the guilds of merchants and traders formerly so numerous in this country, with a view to protecting their own interests, and excluding from the practice of the law all who had not served a term of probation, and thereby become initiated into the mysteries and art of the profession. Thus we

find the students of law referred to in the old books as apprentices (*apprenticii ad legem*). Apprentices they were, in truth, for in those days a long and steep road had to be climbed by the aspirant to legal honors, and many weary years had to be passed by him in the study of the law before he could appear as an advocate in the courts. The period of probation seems at first sight to be one of inordinate length, but it must be remembered that the attainment of a knowledge of the common law was then a very different matter from what it is nowadays, when a multitude of judicial decisions and learned text-books have rendered the study of the old *lex non scripta* a comparatively easy one. Besides, the student could not then, as he can now, obtain a preliminary insight into its principles at the universities, for its study was discouraged in those seats of learning while they remained under the influence of the clerical professors of the civil law.

It would seem that all members of the associations we have mentioned were sometimes comprised in the general term "apprentice," and it was not until the lawyer had attained the high dignity of serjeant-at-law (*serviens ad legem*), that he dropped the former appellation. We accordingly find in Richard II.'s reign a reference to three grades of apprentices — greater apprentices, apprentices who practised the law, and apprentices of less estate — who are classed with, and probably were often in fact, attorneys-at-law.

In order that the reader's mind may not become confused by these conflicting meanings of the word "apprentice," it must be stated that in these pages it is generally used as applicable only to the junior members of the societies in question.

About the time of Edward III., it has been conjectured, the guilds or associations of lawyers found it desirable to obtain leases of houses in which they could board and lodge their apprentices. A similar practice formerly prevailed in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where students were lodged in inns and hostels, in which they were more amenable to discipline and less liable to be imposed upon and taken advantage of by unscrupulous persons. As time went on and numbers increased, halls were built, in which members of the societies could meet and dine together, for amongst the English dinner has always been the great event of the day. These halls are so intimately connected with the history of the inns

that a short description of them appears necessary. Across the middle of the building ran a railing or barrier of wood — the bar, as it was usually called — and within it, at the lower end of the hall, was a space reserved for the apprentices or students of the society, who are sometimes referred to as "inner barristers," though they were not barristers in the modern sense of the word. The upper end of the hall was occupied by a dais, where sat the "ancients" of the guild on benches of honor, from which, presumably, they obtained the name of "benchers." From time to time the ancients were in the habit of summoning to the bar of the hall those of the apprentices who had served the necessary period of probation and attained to a certain standard of knowledge in their profession. Members of this superior grade of apprentices were designated *apprenticii ad barros* — apprentices at the bar — and were thenceforth entitled to take their seats in hall on the outer side (with reference to the common herd of apprentices) of the hall barrier, and hence in future their more usual designation came to be outer, or utter barristers. After dinner (or supper as it was more properly called), "moots" were held in the hall for the instruction of the apprentices. They were a sort of imaginary cause or mock trial, argued out in solemn form, the ancients on the bench representing the judges, and the apprentices, standing at the bar of the hall, the advocates.

In their origin the inns were no doubt independent associations, but in course of time, as we shall presently see, four of them — Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn — took a prominent and leading place among them, and were specially distinguished as Inns of Court, while the lesser societies, or Inns of Chancery, became subsidiary to and dependent upon the former, and, according to some accounts, formed a sort of "preparatory school for young gentlemen" intending to proceed to admission at one of the Inns of Court.

The Inns of Court, of course, derive their name from their intimate connection with the courts of justice. Of the origin of the term Inns of Chancery no very satisfactory explanation is given, but it is said that the students there learnt what were properly the duties of the "curstors" in Chancery, and hence the name.

During the Wars of the Roses, Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI., had been driven into exile, with her son, the young Prince Edward. Sir John For

tescue, who had been chief justice of the king's bench, accompanied them in the capacity of chancellor and tutor to the Prince of Wales. The latter, as he grew to man's estate, devoted himself entirely to martial exercises, and, "being often mounted on fiery and wild horses," amused himself by attacking his companions with lance and sword, perceiving which, "a certain grave old knight," to wit, the chancellor, approached and accosted the prince, exhorting him to the study of the law. The chancellor has preserved for us his remarks on the occasion in question in a Latin tome, intituled, "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," and as we peruse its long-winded sentences, calculated to turn rather than to cool the mind of the prince, we picture to ourselves the latter shrinking from his tutor as did the wedding guest from the ancient mariner:—

He holds him with his glittering eye,  
He cannot choose but hear.

This learned discourse contains, however, what is of great interest to the antiquaries of the nineteenth century—the earliest detailed description of the schools of law in London. The translation, which was made in the year 1775, is very quaint:—

There are, my prince [says the chancellor] ten lesser Inns, and sometimes more, which are called Inns of Chancery (*hospitia Cancellariæ*), in each of which there are an hundred students at the least, and in some of them a far greater number, though not constantly residing. The students are for the most part young men. Here they study the nature of original and judicial writs, which are the very first principles of the law. After they have made some progress here, and are more advanced in years, they are admitted into the Inns of Court (*hospitia Curiae*) properly so called. Of these there are four in number. In that which is the least frequented there are about two hundred students. In these greater Inns a student cannot well be maintained under eight-and-twenty pounds a year, and if he have a servant to wait on him, as for the most part they have, the expense is proportionably more. For this reason, the students are sons to persons of quality, those of inferior rank not being able to bear the expences of maintaining and educating their children in this way. As to the merchants, they seldom care to lessen their stock in trade by being at such large yearly expences, so that there is scarce to be found throughout the kingdom, an eminent lawyer, who is not a gentleman by birth and fortune. There is both in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery a sort of an academy or gymnasium, fit for persons of their station, where they learn singing and all kinds of musick, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions (which are called

*Revels*) as are suitable to their quality, and such as are usually practised at Court. At other times out of term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law. Upon festival days, and after the offices of the Church are over, they employ themselves in the study of sacred and prophane history. Here everything which is good and virtuous is to be learned, all vice is discouraged and banished, so that knights, barons, and the greatest nobility of the kingdom, often place their children in those Inns of Court, not so much to make the laws their study, much less to live by the profession (having large patrimonies of their own), but to form their manners and to preserve them from the contagion of vice. The discipline is so excellent, that there is scarce ever known to be any piques or differences, any bickerings or disturbances amongst them. The only way they have of punishing delinquents, is by expelling them from the Society, which punishment they dread more than criminals do imprisonment and irons, for he who is expelled out of one Society is never taken in by any of the others.

. . . The laws are studied in a place situated near the King's Palace at Westminster, where the courts of law are held. Here in Term time the students of the law attend in great numbers as it were to public schools, and are there instructed in all sorts of law learning and in the practice of the Courts. The situation of the place where they study (*studium*) is between Westminster and the City of London. The place of study is not in the heart of the city itself, where the great confluence and multitude of the inhabitants might disturb them in their studies, but in a private place, separate and distinct by itself in the suburbs near to the Courts of Justice aforesaid, that the students at their lieasure may daily and duly attend with the greatest ease and convenience.

The "grave old knight" was evidently an "old soldier," and determined that his story should not be spoilt for want of a little exaggeration. The fulsome and highly colored description of the discipline and virtues of the students must be taken *cum grano salis*, for we learn from other sources that, both before and after this account, these pious young gentlemen, like students in other parts of the country, often came to blows with the citizens, and these collisions generally ended in broken heads and occasional loss of life.

Mr. Serjeant Pulling, in his amusing and learned work, "The Order of the Coif," throws great doubts on the genuineness of that chapter of the "*De Laudibus*" which describes the Inns of Court, and sees in the picture there drawn the touches of a later hand than Fortescue's. But his strictures, if I may venture to say so, seem unnecessarily severe. For in-



stance, his objection that there could not have been eighteen hundred students in Fortescue's time, because there were not so many in Coke's, is not a fatal one; and his further objection, that such large numbers could not possibly have been accommodated in the inns, does not take into account the statement that they were not all in residence. Besides, the discrepancy which he alleges to exist between one statement that there were fourteen inns, and another that there was but *one place of study*, admits of explanation.

But more interesting still than Fortescue's panegyric are some graphic contemporary paintings, which show us the dress and appearance of members of the inns at the same period. They consist of four beautiful illuminations on vellum, fragments of an old law treatise, and representing the four superior courts at Westminster in Henry VI.'s reign, the robes and costume of the lord chancellor, judges, serjeants, apprentices-at-law, and officers of the court being delineated with minute attention to color and detail. These paintings are reproduced in vol. xxxix. of the "*Archæologia*," and will well repay a reference to that work. In the picture representing the Court of Chancery we see the serjeants-at-law standing at the bar of the court (for there were apparently no seats for counsel in those days), wearing the *coif*, a close-fitting cap of white silk (which looks for all the world like a modern barrister's wig), and party-colored robes with tippets, one side blue and the other green. Beside them stand apprentices-at-law with their heads uncovered, attired in cassock-like robes with black collars, and girdles round the waist, but no tippets. Their robes, too, are party-colored; in one case green and light blue, in the other dark blue and yellow. The scarlet robes of the judges and brightly colored costumes of the advocates and officers of the court form a vivid contrast to the sombre appearance of our modern tribunals.

Mr. Corner, in his observations on these pictures (*Archæologia*, vol. xxxix.), refers to the custom of giving liveries by great lords to their retainers, who were glad to accept the same for the sake of the former's patronage, and arrives at the conclusion that the party-colored robes of the lawyers were livery gowns given to them by their clients of high rank along with their retaining fees.

But surely the advocate, who, by a fiction of law, and in analogy to a well-known custom among the ancient Romans, was himself the patron, would not place him-

self under the patronage of his own client. Is it not rather probable that the party-colored robes were liveries given by the benchers of the various inns to their respective members?—in fact, a uniform, like the gowns worn by the undergraduates of the different colleges of the University of Cambridge. A comparison of the four pictures suggests a uniform. The motley gowns of the counsellors were not peculiar to the date in question; Chaucer's serjeant-at-law, it will be remembered,

Rood but hoonly in a *medled* coat,

and they formed part of the wardrobe of a brother of the *coif* until the reign of Henry VIII.

The ancient Order of Serjeants has nearly become extinct. Their place, as "leaders" in court, has been taken by the Queen's Counsel, a class of comparatively recent creation. The "*Q.C.*" when called "within the bar" (which here means the bar of the court of justice, not the bar of the society's dining-hall, to which he has been previously called as a junior), is said to "take silk," because he thenceforth wears a robe of black silk instead of the stuff gown of the junior barrister.

It was during the period of the Reformation that the dress of junior counsel assumed the sober hues which it retains at present. A writer of the year 1602 tells us that in former times the counsellors were in the habit of wearing long gowns (probably black) faced with satin and yellow cotton, while the benchers of the Inns of Court wore robes trimmed with genet fur. "But now," he says, "they are come to such pride and fantastickness that every one must have a velvet face, and fur tricked with lace." This does not sound very extravagant, but we little know what Puritanism was in those days. He goes on to tell a story of a learned judge of Elizabeth's reign who, seeing an "odd counsellor" came into court with one of those new-fangled gowns, addressed the astonished wearer in these words: "*Quomodo intrasti, domine, non habens vestem nupcialem?*"—"Get you from the bar, or I will put you from the bar for your foolish pride!"

About the time of the Restoration, the abominable and savage custom of wearing long hair became very prevalent. Then came powdered wigs, and the *perruquiers* vied with one another in producing hideous caricatures of headdress, and some wonderful specimens of their art continue to adorn the crania of counsel to this day.



We have heard what old Fortesque has to tell us. If we would follow the student further in his legal career, we must turn to the works of Sir Edward Coke and John Stow, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a century and a quarter later than the period we have just been considering. The students of the Inns of Court were then, as we learn, called "mootmen," from the fact of their arguing moots and readers' cases, the meaning of which terms will be presently explained. After eight years' study, during which they frequented readings, meetings (? mootings), boltings, and other learned exercises, they were called by the benchers of their inn to the degree of "utter barrister," after which they could practise as common "counselors" at the bar of the courts or in chambers. Utter barristers of twelve to fifteen years' standing were elected by the ancients, or benchers, to fill the vacancies in their own body. One of these ancients, "that was of the puisne sort," was annually selected to give readings for the instruction of the students, one in Lent and the other at the beginning of the long vacation, and was known as "single reader." After an interval of nine or ten years the single reader was again eligible to the post, and on re-election was termed "double reader," and further dignified with the title "apprentice-at-law," which, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, meant one who had ceased to be an apprentice, in the sense in which we have been using the term, and had become *learned* in the law.

The king was wont to choose from among these double readers his attorney-general and solicitor-general. From the double readers, too, were drawn those who by the king's writ were called to the status and degree of serjeants-at-law, one or two of whom were expressly appointed "king's serjeants."

Lastly, from the ranks of the serjeants were chosen the judges of the superior courts. But as soon as the counsellor was advanced to the degree of serjeant he ceased, *ipso facto*, to be a member of his old Inn of Court, and was translated to one of the serjeants' inns — the lawyers' heaven, "where none but the serjeants and judges do converse!"

Some of the terms used in the above account require explanation. Readings were learned disquisitions delivered in hall by the reader of the inn. They were prepared with great care, and were consequently regarded in the profession as val-

uable opinions and authorities on doubtful questions.

He usually took as his text an act of Parliament, and this he analyzed and expounded with much learning. The debate was continued by the utter barristers, each of whom gave an opinion on the various points raised in the reading. Then the reader replied, after which the benchers, or the judges and serjeants, if any were present by invitation of the benchers, delivered judgment in solemn form. This occupied several hours for several days during the Lent and summer vacations. On the occasion of these readings the reader was expected to give a banquet, to which the king, nobility, and judges were sometimes invited. These "readers' feasts," as they were called, involved the holder of the office in very great expense. He enjoyed the privilege of calling students to the bar independently of the other masters of the bench.

"Mootings," or "moots," as we have already seen, were another species of legal exercise, and were held during vacation time after dinner in hall. The reader and one or two of the other benchers took their seats on the "bench" at the upper end of the hall. Facing them sat two utter barristers and two inner barristers (students), on a form placed at "the bar" in the middle of the building.

One of the inner barristers then opened an imaginary case, addressing the benchers in law French on behalf of the plaintiff. He had previously learnt his speech by heart. The other student then addressed them on behalf of the imaginary defendant. The two utter barristers followed on either side, and the benchers finally gave their decision.

Readers' cases, or putting of cases, were similar proceedings on the same occasions, a doubtful question being propounded by the reader and argued in due form.

"Boltings" were less formal arguments than moots, but of the same nature, and conducted in private. Hence probably the name, though several learned but wild derivations have been given.

Stow, in his "Survey of London," gives the following list of the inns in the days of "Good Queen Bess":—

WITHIN THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY.

- |                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| (1) Serjeants' Inn in Fleet Street.  | } |
| (2) Serjeant's Inn in Chancery Lane. | } |
| For judges and serjeants only.       |   |
| (3) The Inner Temple.                | } |
| (4) The Middle Temple.               | } |

In Fleet Street,  
houses of Court.

- |                                     |                             |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (5) Clifford's Inn in Fleet Street. | } Houses<br>of<br>Chancery. |
| (6) Thavies' Inn in Oldborne.       |                             |
| (7) Furnival's Inn in Oldborne.     |                             |
| (8) Barnard's Inn in Oldborne.      |                             |
| (9) Staple Inn in Oldborne.         |                             |

## WITHOUT THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| (10) Gray's Inn in Oldborne.   | } Houses of<br>Court.                                |
| (11) Lincoln's Inn in Chancery Lane, by the Old Temple in Oldborne.  |  |
| (12) Clement's Inn.  |  |
| (13) New Inn.  | } Houses of Chancery with-<br>out Temple Bar, in the |
| (14) Lyon's Inn.   |  |
| (15) There was sometime an Inn of serjeants in Oldborne, as you may read of Scrop's Inn over against St. Andrew's Church.  |  |
| (16) There was also one other Inn of Chancery called "Chester's Inn," for the nearness to the Bishop of Chester's house, but more commonly termed "Strand Inn," for that it stood in Strand Street and near unto Strand Bridge, without Temple Bar, in the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster. This Inn of Chancery, with other houses near adjoining, were pulled down in the reign of Edward VI., by Edward, Duke of Somerset, who, in place thereof, raised that large and beautiful house, but yet unfinished, called Somerset House. |  |
| (17) There was, moreover, a tenth house of Chancery, mentioned by Justice Fortescue in his book of the laws of England, but where it stood, or when it was abandoned, I cannot find.   |  |

Most of these names are familiar enough to the Londoner of to-day. The site of Lyon's Inn is now occupied by the Opéra Comique. When the Inns of Court Commission made their report in the year 1855 that society consisted of two "ancients" only.

Even at the period when Stow wrote, the lesser houses were chiefly composed of officers, attorneys, solicitors, and clerks who followed the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, although there were still a few students who continued as of old to come there from the grammar schools and universities, and study the elements of the law and perform exercises in order to qualify for admission to the Inns of Court. The "readers" appointed by the Inns of Chancery were not ancients or benchers, as in the Inns of Court, but utter barristers of ten or twelve years' standing. From the above statement of Stow it would appear that the students of the lesser inns instead of proceeding to call at the bar of the Inns of Court, and so qualifying for the position of counsellors, were from an early period in the habit of remaining in the Inns of Chancery and practising as attorneys. The latter societies have long since ceased to be con-

nected in any way with the education of the student for the bar.

The Inns of Court and Chancery, viewed collectively, are compared by some of the old writers to a university of learning conferring degrees in common law, but the facts hardly warrant the comparison. The constitution of the greater societies, however, with their halls, libraries, and chapels, bears considerable resemblance to that of the colleges at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The management of their internal affairs was, as it still is, vested in the masters of the bench and their annually elected president, the treasurer. They were the sole judges of what was right and wrong in all matters affecting the society, *sicut dii, scientes bonum et malum*. Here are some specimens of orders made by the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn:—

## In Henry VIII.'s reign:—

No gentleman being a fellow (*i.e.*, member) of the house is to wear "any cut or pansyed hose or bryches, or pansyed doublet" [whatever they may be] on pain of being "put out of the house."

Members may now wear pansyed waistcoats without incurring the wrath of the benchers, but when they dine in hall they are required to wear black gowns.

## In Queen Mary's reign:—

Those of the fellows who have beards, are to pay twelve pence for every meal while they continue to wear them.

## In Queen Elizabeth's reign:—

No fellow is to wear any sword or buckler [fancy a barrister carrying a buckler!], or to cause the same to be borne after him into the town.

No one is to wear a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. For a third offence against this order he is to be expelled from the Society.

Any fellow who wears a hat in hall or chapel, or who goes abroad without his gown, or wears long hair, or great ruffs, is to be put out of commons. [That is, he must dine by himself.] And any commoner or repaster appearing in the precincts of the Inn in cloak, boots, spurs, or long hair, is to be fined five shillings, and put out of commons.

The sportings, late watchings, and exercises, annually performed on "hunting night," are to be discontinued, and the custom of the members to repair on a certain day to Kentish Town, and there to dine and indulge in sports, is in future to cease.

The Puritanical spirit of the foreign Protestants seems to have infected the masters of the bench at this period. Kentish Town was then a rural village on the road to Highgate.

In James I.'s reign:—

The under barristers are to be put out of commons, by decimation, for refusing to dance in hall on Candlemas Day, when the judges were present, and if it occurs again they are to be disbarred.

That was going to the other extreme. There appears to have been a strike amongst the junior members of the inn.

Much dramatic talent seems to have existed amongst "the gentlemen of the long robe," and among other amusements in vogue were *masques*, or plays, composed and acted by the members of the various inns. These private theatricals were sometimes performed in the presence of royalty, and occasionally several of the inns combined in order to increase the splendor of the representations.

In 1525 one of these plays, written by a certain Serjeant Roo, and acted at Gray's Inn "with rich and costly apparel, and strange devises and masks and morrishes," gave great offence to Cardinal Wolsey, who saw in it an attempt to bring him into ridicule. So, sending in great wrath for the learned author, he deprived him of his coif, and sent him, together with one of the young gentlemen who acted in the play, to prison at the Fleet.

"The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex," one of the earliest English tragedies in existence, was written by two barristers of the Inner Temple, and played, on January 13, 1561, before Queen Elizabeth at Westminster Hall, by members of the last-mentioned society. The acts are preceded by dumb shows and close with choruses.

Some years later "The Inner Temple Masque," composed by a member, was played in the hall, when scenery was used representing sea-cliffs, on which syrens reposed.

The diary of a member of the Middle Temple records: "At our feast (Candlemas day, 1601), we had a play, 'Twelve Night,' like to that in Italian called 'Ingauni.'" This must have been one of the earliest representations of the Shakespearian play.

A splendid masque was performed at the palace of Whitehall on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth (February 15, 1613), by the two societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, who for some reason or another have always been specially friends and allies. This entertainment cost £1,100.

The members of Gray's Inn played "The Masque of Flowers" before James I. on Twelfth Night of the same year.

But one of the most magnificent and gorgeous spectacles of this nature was exhibited on Candlemas night, 1633, when the four Inns of Court combined to produce "a royal masque." The masquers assembled at Ely House, and then marched in procession down Chancery Lane to the royal palace at Whitehall. First came the marshal's men, to clear a passage through the dense crowds which filled the streets; then twenty footmen in liveries of scarlet and silver lace, carrying a bâton in one hand and a torch in the other; next the marshal (Mr. Darrel, of Lincoln's Inn) on horseback, in rich costume, surrounded by his marshal's men and attendants bearing torches. Then followed one hundred gentlemen of the four honorable societies, mounted on horses which had been sent from the royal stables and those of various noblemen in London. Next appeared the chariot of the grand masquers of Gray's Inn, carved, and painted silver and crimson, drawn by four horses harnessed abreast, and covered to the heels with silver and crimson "cloth of tissue," and with huge plumes of crimson and white on their heads. In the chariot sat the four grand masquers, in costumes of rich cloth of tissue covered as thickly as possible with silver spangles. By their side walked footmen in gorgeous liveries and with torches in their hands. Chariots of similar pattern, and differing only in the color of their trappings and furniture, followed, bearing the grand masquers of the other three inns, lots having been drawn to decide which of them should have precedence in the order of procession. In the intervals between these gilded cars marched bands of musicians and torchbearers. After wending its way slowly to the palace, the procession passed twice before the king and queen. The masque was then acted with great magnificence, and the remainder of the night was spent in dancing. The masque and procession cost the societies the sum of £21,000.

Other diversions mentioned by old writers as being indulged in at all the Inns of Court and Chancery, were "revels," which were held in the halls in the presence of the benchers, and sometimes the judges. A "master of the revels" (*magister jocorum*), nicknamed "Lord of Misrule," presided over the sports of the year. At Lincoln's Inn, in Henry VI.'s time, they were ordered to be held four times a year, on the feasts of All-Hallows, St. Erkenwald, the purification of our lady and Midsummer day.

At the same inn (*temp.* Henry VIII.) it was further ordered that "whoever was chosen king on Christmas day should be in his place, and that the king of the Cockneys, elected on Childermas day, should sit and have due service, but he and his officers were not to meddle with the buttry!"

Grand revels were held at the Inner Temple early in Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of the students, Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), was appointed marshal, with the titles of "Pallaphilos," "Patron of the Honorable Order of Pegasus" (in reference to the arms of the inn), etc. Christopher Hatton (afterwards lord chancellor), who has given his name to Hatton Garden, was *magister jocorum*. The sports, feasting, and dancing occupied several days, amid the beating of drums, braying of trumpets, and firing of guns.

These revels appear from all accounts to have been very childish affairs. But the old lawyers were blessed with a greater stock of animal spirits, took their pleasure less sadly, and enjoyed life more thoroughly than their successors of to-day. The club and the theatre supply counter-attractions to dinner in hall, masque, and revel in these degenerate days.

It is not likely, for the present at all events, that the Inns of Court will perish for lack of members. A glance at the formidable and ever-increasing array of counsel in the law list should be enough to convince the most optimistic young man that there is hardly room to stand at the bar, and certainly not enough briefs to go round, for "what are they among so many?" The courts are thronged with barristers who cannot attend to their clients because their clients will not attend to them. But, with all these dreadful warnings staring them in the face, students continue to crowd the avenues which lead to bar and bench, and resemble nothing so much as those "bold fish," the perch, which old Izaak Walton, a quondam denizen of Chancery Lane, compares to "the wicked of the earth, who are not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight!"

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

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From The New Review.  
THE SIMIAN TONGUE.

IN coming before the world with a new theory, I am aware that it may have to

undergo many repairs, and be modified by many new ideas. On entering the world of science, it begins its "struggle for life," and under the law of "the survival of the fittest" its fate must be decided. I am aware that it is heresy to doubt the dogmas of science as well as of some religious sects; but sustained by proofs too strong to be ignored, I am willing to incur the ridicule of the wise and the sneer of bigots, and assert that "articulate speech" prevails among the lower primates, and that their speech contains the rudiments from which the tongues of mankind could easily develop; and to me it seems quite possible to find proofs to show that such is the origin of human speech.

I have long believed that each sound uttered by an animal had a meaning which any other animal of the same kind would interpret at once. Animals soon learn to interpret certain words of man and to obey them, but never try to repeat them. When they reply to man, it is always in their own peculiar speech. I have often watched the conduct of a dog as he would speak, until I could interpret a meaning to his combined act and speech. I observed the same thing in other species with the same results; and it occurred to me that if I could correctly imitate these sounds I might learn to interpret them more fully and prove to myself whether it was really a uniform speech or not.

Some seven years ago, in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, I was deeply impressed by the conduct of a number of monkeys caged with a savage, rib-nosed mandril, which they seemed to fear very much. The cage was divided by a wall through which was a small doorway leading from the inner to an outer compartment, in which was a tall upright, supporting a platform at its top. Every movement of this mandril seemed to be closely watched by the monkeys that could see him, and instantly reported to those in the other compartment. The conduct of these monkeys so confirmed my belief and inspired me with new hopes and new zeal that I believed "the key to the secret chamber" was within my grasp. I regarded the task of learning the monkey tongue as very much the same as learning that of a strange race of mankind; more difficult in the degree of its inferiority, but less in volume. Year by year, as new ideas were revealed to me, new barriers arose, and I began to realize how great a task was mine. One difficulty was to *utter* the sounds I heard; another was to recall them; and yet another was to translate

them. Impelled by an eternal hope, and not discouraged by poor success, I continued my studies as best I could, in the gardens of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and with such specimens as I could find with the travelling menagerie museum, or hand organ, or aboard some ship, or kept as a pet in some family. They have all aided in teaching me the little I know of their native tongues. But at last came a revelation! A new idea dawned upon me; and after wrestling half a night with it I felt assured of ultimate success. I went to Washington, and called upon Dr. Frank Baker, director of the National Zoological Garden and proposed the novel experiment of acting as interpreter between two monkeys. Of course he laughed, but not in derision or in doubt, for scientific men are always credulous and believe all they are told. I then explained to him how it was possible, and he quite agreed with me. We set the time and prepared for the work. The plan was quite simple. We separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed them in separate rooms. I then arranged a phonograph near the cage of the female, and caused her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder. The machine was then placed near the cage containing the male, and the record repeated to him and his conduct closely studied. The surprise and perplexity of the male were evident.

He traced the sounds to the horn from which they came, and failing to find his mate he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to his shoulder, withdrew it, and peeped into the horn again and again. He would then retreat and again cautiously approach the horn, which he examined with evident interest. The expressions of his face were indeed a study. Having satisfied myself that he recognized the sounds as those of his mate, I next proceeded to record some of his efforts, but my success was not fully up to my hopes. Yet I had secured from him enough to win the attention of his mate, and elicit from her some signs of recognition. And thus, for the first time in the history of philology, the simian tongue was reduced to record. My belief was now confirmed, and the faith of others strengthened. I noted some of the defects in my experiment, and provided against them for the future. Some weeks later, in the Chicago Zoological Garden, I made some splendid phonographic records; and thence I went to the Cincinnati Garden, where I secured, among others, a fine, distinct record of the

two chimpanzees, all of which I brought home with me for study. I placed them on the machine and repeated them over and over, until I became quite familiar with the sounds and improved myself very much in my efforts to utter them. I returned to Cincinnati and Chicago some weeks later, and tried my skill as a linguist with a degree of success far beyond my wildest hopes.

Having described to some friends who were with me the word I would use, I stood for a while with my side turned to the cage containing a capuchin monkey (*cebus capucinus*). I uttered the word or sound which I had translated "milk." My first effort caught his ear and caused him to turn and look at me. On repeating it some three or four times he answered me very distinctly with the same word I had used, and then turned to a small pan kept in the cage for him to drink from. I repeated the word again, and he placed the pan near the front of the cage and came quite up to the bars and uttered the word. I had not shown him any milk or anything of the kind. But the man in charge then brought me some milk, which I gave to him, and he drank it with great zest; then looked at me, hold up the pan, and repeated the sound some three or four times. I gave him more milk, and thus continued till I was quite sure he used the same sound each time he wanted milk.

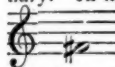
I next described to the friends who were with me a word which was very hard to render well, but I translated it "to eat." I now held a banana in front of the cage and he at once gave the word I had described. Repeated tests showed to me that he used the same word for apple, carrot, bread, and banana, hence I concluded that it meant "food," or "hunger," as also "to eat." After this I began on a word which I interpreted "pain," or "siek," and with such result as made me feel quite sure I was not far from right. My next word was "weather," or "storm," and while the idea may seem far-fetched, I felt fairly well sustained by my tests. For many other words I had a vague idea of a meaning, and still believe that I can verify them in the end. These are only a few of many trials I have made to solve the problem of the simian tongue, and while I have only gone a step, as it were, I believe that I have found a clue to the great secret of speech, and pointed out the way which leads to its solution.

I went next to the Cincinnati Garden. When the visitors had left the monkey-house I approached the cage of a capuchin



monkey, and found him crouched in the rear of his cage. I spoke to him in his own tongue, using the word which I had called "milk." He rose, answered me with the same word, and came at once to the front of the cage. He looked at me as if in doubt, and I repeated the word; he did the same, and turned at once to a small pan in the cage, which he picked up and placed near the door at the side, and returned to me and uttered the word again. I asked the keeper for milk, which he did not have, however, but brought me some water. The efforts of my little simian friend to secure the glass were very earnest, and the pleading manner and tone assured me of his extreme thirst. I allowed him to dip his hand into the glass and he would suck his fingers and reach again. I kept the glass from reach of his hand, and he would repeat the sound and beg for more. I was thus convinced that the word I had translated "milk" must also mean "water," and from this and other tests, I at last determined that it meant also "drink" and probably "thirst." I have never seen a capuchin monkey that did not use these two words. The sounds are very soft and not unlike a flute; very difficult to imitate and quite impossible to write. They are purely vocal, except faint traces of "h" or "wh" as in the word "who"; a very feeble "w"; and here and there a slight guttural "ch."

To imitate the word which I interpret "food," fix the mouth as if to whistle; draw the tongue far back into the mouth, and try to utter the word "who" by blowing. The pitch of sound is a trifle higher than the cooing of a pigeon, and not wholly unlike it. The phonics appear to me to be "wh-u-w," with the consonant elements so faint as to be almost imaginary. In music the tone is F sharp, thus

 and this seems to be the vocal pitch of the entire species, though they have a wide range of voice. The sound which I have translated "drink" or "thirst" is nearly uttered by relaxing and parting the lips, and placing the tongue as it is found in ending the German word "ich," and in this position try to utter "ch-e-u-w," making the "ch" like "k," blending the "e" and "u" like "slurred" notes in music, and suppressing the "w" as in the first case. The consonant elements can barely be detected, and the tone is about an octave higher than the word used for "food." Another sound I suspected was a "menace" or "cry of alarm," but I was unable to utter it, except with the phonograph;

but during February I had access to a fine specimen of the capuchin, in Charleston, S. C. On my first visit to him I found him very gentle, and we at once became good friends. He ate from my hands and seemed to regard me very kindly. The next day, while feeding him, I uttered the peculiar sound of "alarm," whereupon he sprang at once to a perch in the top of his cage, and as I continued the sound he seemed almost frantic with fright. I could not tempt him by any means to come down. I then retired some twenty feet from the cage, and his master (of whom he is very fond) induced him to come down from the perch, and while he was fondling him I gave the alarm from where I stood. He jumped again to his perch and nothing would induce him to leave it while I remained in sight. The next day, on my approach, he fled to his perch and I could not induce him on any terms to return. It is now some time since I began my visits, and I have never, since his first fright, induced him to accept anything from me, and only with great patience can I get him to leave his perch at all, although I have not repeated this peculiar sound since my third visit, nor can I again elicit a reply from him when I say his word for "food" or "drink."

This sound may be fairly imitated by placing the back of the hand very gently to the mouth, and kissing it, drawing in the air, and producing a shrill, whistling sound, prolonged and slightly circumflexed.

Its pitch is the highest F sharp on the piano. It is not whistled, however, by a monkey, but is made with the vocal organs. While this is the highest vocal pitch of a capuchin, there are other sounds much more difficult to imitate or describe. It must be remembered that an attempt to *spell* a sound which is almost an absolute vowel, can at best convey only a very imperfect idea of the true sounds or the manner of uttering them.

I have access also to another specimen of the same variety, with which I am experimenting, but I have never tried the "alarm" on him as I do not wish to lose his friendship. He uses all the words I know in his language, and speaks them well.

My work has been confined chiefly to the capuchin monkey, because he seems to have one of the best-defined languages of any of his genus, besides being less vicious and more willing to treat one civilly. So far as I have seen, the capuchin is the Caucasian of the monkey race. The chimpanzee has a strong but monotonous voice, confined to a small range of sounds,



but affords a fine study while in the act of talking. I have not gone far enough with him as yet to give much detail of his language. There are only three in America now, and they talk but little and are hard to record. I have recorded but one sound made by a sooty monkey; three by a mandril; five by the white-face sapajou; and a few of less value. But from the best proof I have found I have arrived, as I believe, at some strange facts, which I shall here state.

1. The simian tongue has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number.

2. They seem to be half-way between a whistle and a pure vocal sound, and have a range of four octaves, and so far as I have tried they all chord with F sharp on a piano.

3. The sound used is very much like "u"- "oo," in "shoot." The next one something like "e" in "be." So far I find no a, i, or o.

4. Faint traces of consonant sounds can be found in words of low pitch, but they are few and quite feeble; but I have had cause to believe that they develop in a small degree by a change of environment.

5. The present state of their speech has been reached by development from a lower form.

6. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical or cardinal sounds do not have the same meanings in all tongues.

7. The words are monosyllabic, ambiguous and collective, having no negative terms except resentment.

8. The phonic character of their speech is very much the same as that of children in their early efforts to talk, except as regards the pitch.

9. Their language seems to obey the same laws of change and growth as human speech.

10. When caged together one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. His replies are in his own vernacular.

11. They use their lips in talking in very much the same way that men do; but seldom speak when alone or when not necessary.

12. I think their speech, compared to their physical, mental, and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard.

13. The more fixed and pronounced the social and gregarious instincts are in any species, the higher the type of its speech.

14. Simians reason from cause to effect, and their reasoning differs from that of man *in degree, but not in kind.*

To reason, they *must think*, and if it be true that *man cannot think without words*, it must be true of monkeys; hence, they must formulate those thoughts into words, and words are the natural exponents of thoughts.

15. Words are the audible, and signs the visible expression of thought, and any voluntary sound made by the vocal organs with a constant meaning is a word.

16. The state of their language seems to correspond with their power to think, and to express their thoughts.

If we compare the tongues of civilized races with those of the savage tribes of Africa which are confined to a few score of words, we gain some idea of the growth of language within the limits of our own genus. The few wants and simple modes of life in such a state account for this paucity of words; and this small range of sounds gives but little scope for vocal development, and hence their difficulty in learning to speak the tongues of civilized men. This is, doubtless, the reason why the negroes of the United States after a sojourn of two hundred years with the white race, are unable to utter the sounds of "th," "thr," and other double consonants; the former of which they pronounce "d" if breathing, and "t" if aspirate; the latter like "trw." The sound of "v" they usually pronounce "b," while "r" resembles "w" or "rw" when initial, and as a final is usually entirely suppressed. They have a marked tendency to omit auxiliaries and final sounds, and in all departures from the higher types of speech tend back to ancestral forms. I believe, if we could apply the rule of perspectives and throw our vanishing point far back beyond the chasm that separates man from his simian prototype, that we should find one unbroken outline, tangent to every circle of life from man to protozoa, in language, mind, and matter.

The sage of science finds the fossil rays of light still shining in the chamber of sleeping epochs, and by their aid he reads the legends on the guide-posts of time; but the echoes of time are lost and its lips are dumb; hence our search for the first voice of speech must come within the brief era of man; but if his prototype survives, does not his parent speech survive? If the races of mankind may be the progeny of the simian stock, may not their languages be the progeny of the simian tongue?

R. L. GARNER.

From The Leisure Hour.  
STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

AUSTRIA.

PART I.

THAT curious dual empire, the Austro-Hungarian, furnishes the most interesting political study which contemporary Europe has to show. Until 1848 and 1866, Austria was known as an absolute monarchy, the oppressor of nationalities, the suppressor of free institutions, and of nearly every form of liberty among its people, the upholder of harassing restrictions against trade, commerce, and industry—in short, so conservative of everything old and established, and so little given to change, as to merit the designation of the "China of Europe." After the loss of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, and of the hegemony in Germany consequent on the battle of Sadowa, the emperor saw himself obliged to grant his country a constitutional form of government, and the separation of the kingdom of Hungary from the empire of Austria.

After 1867, the old Austrian monarchy gave place to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, supposed to consist of two States, each having its own constitutional laws, but united under one ruler and for certain common purposes. Thus they act together in all matters affecting their interest with foreign countries, in what concerns the army and navy, commercial treaties with foreign countries, coinage, and so forth. It was as complete a change in the internal government of a country as it is possible to imagine; instead of the former despotic and bureaucratic or so-called paternal government, Austria was able to enjoy a free constitutional and conservative rule. And from the time that this constitution was granted until 1878, the country made great progress.

The German party, who represented the intellect of the kingdom, and held the power in their hands, made a sturdy effort to modernize the land, and actually succeeded in changing the outward appearance of a good many things. But their task was gigantic and fraught with difficulties.

It is often contended that there is no such thing as an Austrian, that Austria is a political idea, and indeed the polyglot monarchy of the Hapsburgs is no homogeneous one. It consists of a number of different peoples, a number of smaller and larger nations collected under one name and one sceptre. Austria is a link between the East and the West; its ethics

are Oriental, its customs and government European, that is, European somewhat after the fashion of a hundred years ago. Such a country is obviously not easy to govern; dissensions among themselves and with the diverging nationalities that make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire robbed the German party of their strength for completing their task; and a thorough reaction intervened from the moment Count Taaffe came into office, and clubbed Clericalism and Nationalism together for resistance to German ideas. Consequently Austria to-day may be said to be the only European civilized country (for we do not rank Russia among civilized countries) which is calmly backing upstream, while all the other nations are pulling down. What the result may be is the secret of the future; the fact remains that under the combined influence of triumphant clericalism and retrograde nationalism all the sprouting liberties planted twenty-six years ago have been quietly plucked up by the root.

The Reichsrath, or imperial Council of Parliament of Austria, consists of a House of Lords and a House of Deputies. The House of Deputies is composed of three hundred and fifty-three members, elected to represent different classes of the inhabitants of the several provinces. Of these eighty-five are chosen by the large landed proprietors, twenty-one by the chambers of trade and manufactures, one hundred and sixteen by electors in the cities, towns, and places of industry directly, and one hundred and thirty-one by electors in country districts, not directly, but through representatives chosen for that purpose every six years. Each province or electoral district has its provincial diet which deals with such matters affecting it as do not come before the Reichsrath. Each diet is composed of the archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic churches, the rectors of the universities, representatives chosen by the great landed proprietors, representatives of the chambers of trade and manufacture, and representatives of the rural districts. The government therefore cannot be called a popular one. Whether in consequence of this mode of electing their representatives, or for other causes that may have their root in the idiosyncrasies of the people who compose the Austrian Empire, it is certain that that country shows none of those incessant mutations of government of which France for the last ten years has been the theatre. It has been

said, and repeated, that the Austrian government is not a parliamentary one, and this to a certain extent is true. Between the various constituents of the Austrian monarchy there must be a certain amount of give and take. To Austria may be applied the old saying that the Parliament reigns, but does not govern.

Although the youngest in Europe, the Austrian Parliament presents a dignified air. The English House of Commons may sometimes envy its sober deportment, the German Reichsrath its elegance of speech, and the French Chamber its cool deliberation. Discussions are carried on in German, which is the official language, but it is by no means unusual to hear Czech, Ruthenian, and Slav discourses. Scandals are not frequent, and Austrian political men are rarely occupied in fighting duels. It was inevitable that the strife of parties should become more accentuated when Taaffe came to power. Until then the German party had ruled supreme, now the actual majority is held by the Clericals, the Feudalists, the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovacks, who perhaps more correctly represent the constituent elements of that great conglomeration, a veritable mosaic of peoples, which is named Austria. The German party had hoped to Germanize the empire; the task proved impossible. The non-German peoples of the monarchy are of too vigorous and imperious a race, exuberant in vitality, civilized but yesterday, of quick intelligence, keen national aspirations, and scant political experience.

The different parties or nationalities represented in the Chamber correspond to a certain set of extra-parliamentary clubs. Thus there is a German Liberal club, the Liechtenstein or Clerical club, the club of the Poles, the club of the Czechs, the Hohenwart or Feudal club. In each of these clubs the parties discuss the various projects which the government lays before the Chambers, and it is here that they resolve upon the conduct they mean to maintain in Parliament. And the peculiarity of these clubs is that they always vote solid. A club, though it may consist both of Liberals and Conservatives, can be relied on to vote either as a body or not at all. It is in this way that the various parties have preserved their influence; this it is, too, that causes Austrian politicians to be divided into an infinity of groups, so that party government, as it is understood in England, is there an impossibility. Austria, in the nature of things, can never be free from

perils; clear as the sky may appear, a storm is sure to be blowing up from one quarter or another. Much reciprocal forbearance is the only security for averting difficulties and for maintaining the necessary strength against foreign attacks. Consequently all these parties may wrangle as they will, nevertheless they are not insensible to their essential need of one another. The great problem which Austria will have to solve in the future is, whether its various peoples can free their minds from narrow racial conceptions, and be able to survey the interests of the empire from an imperial standpoint. At present that moment seems further off than ever.

It was in 1879 that the emperor invited Count Taaffe, then governor of the Tyrol, to take the portfolio of minister of the interior. It must be understood that Count Taaffe is not a premier like those who in other countries are chosen as representatives of a Parliamentary majority. The Austrian premier is directly called to act by the emperor, and when Francis Joseph placed him at the head of his government eleven years ago, it was with the express wish and understanding that he should bring about an improved state of feeling between the conflicting nationalities, and put a stop to the contests which caused an incessant warfare in Bohemia. The emperor, who cannot bear to see any portion of his subjects suppressed, desired that a satisfactory arrangement for all parties should be made. The reasons for choosing Count Taaffe were various. For one thing he was an old comrade of the emperor's, they had known each other as children, and to this day the prime minister addresses his sovereign with the familiar "Thou." Further, as governor of the Tyrol, that arch-Catholic and fanatical country, Count Taaffe had evinced remarkable tact and conciliatory genius. And he had done this in so good-humored a manner that his enemies were usually converted into friends.

When the law was passed that children of all creeds should be allowed to attend the primary school, it was held by the ignorant Tyrolese that the abomination of desolation was at hand, and various local mayors refused to carry the law into execution. Count Taaffe invited them all to come and see him at the castle of Innsbruck. He gave them a copious breakfast, spoke genially to every one of them, calling each man by his Christian name and patting him familiarly on the shoulder.

At last stopping in front of one of the most obstinate and headstrong of the clerical party, he said to him good-humoredly: "Tell me, father, is it true what I have heard, that you are no longer the master in your commune?" The mountaineer closed his two fists in anger. "Who said that, Excellency?" he replied; "I will strangle him with my own hands." "You will strangle him? Very good, but then what ought I to do to you who want to hinder the emperor from being master of his own country?" He then explained to the mayors that the emperor having sanctioned the educational laws, it was a crime of *lèse-majesté* to oppose them. The Tyrolese, ardent patriots as they are, and devoted to their ruling house, went away touched at the thought that they of all people should have seemed to be unfaithful to the family of Hapsburg. They all promised to conform to the orders of his Majesty, and from that day forth there was no further trouble.

Count Edward Taaffe was born on February 24, 1833, at Prague, a descendant of an old Irish family. In 1852 he entered the service of the State and made a rapid career, which was no doubt largely due to the emperor's personal friendship. When he took up the reins of power everything seemed going well for Austria. The last vestige of the "Krach" of 1873 had vanished, Europe was at peace, and Austrian finances had been improved by the creation of the "Laenderbank." The chief difficulties were the international ones, the want of harmony between the different nationalities; it was especially the Czechs who were causing trouble, and they for sixteen years had kept away from the Reichsrath. Count Taaffe's wish was to stand above all parties—that is to say, to govern in constitutional form without following the constitutional principle. He thought this might be an expedient method of dealing with the current confusions; and his conciliatory policy was at first crowned with apparent success. He fulfilled every wish and demand of the Slav nationalities, the conservative aristocracy, and the clerical party; but he did so at the expense of the State, the constitution, and liberal progress. He satisfied the desires of these three factions and thus kept them quiet for the time being; but this line of policy in the course of time increased the conflict between the Germans, whose rights were infringed, and the Bohemian Czechs. The count had said in his opening speech that his aim was to bring about an Austrian majority, not a national majority, and he

begged the Parliament to remember that Austria consisted of most diverse nationalities, the rights of each of which must be respected. His idea was that by granting to each nationality a measure of autonomy, and giving to the States the satisfactions they asked for, he might create a strong and united Austria, bound together voluntarily in common solidarity, whose every instinct of national and mutual independence would make the several parts feel more strongly the need of the dynastic chain which links them together.

These hopes of seeing an Austrian, as opposed to a nationalist, majority soon proved futile. The Germans, repelled and disgusted, retired like Achilles, sulkily into their tents, and refused to work in the Parliament; and Count Taaffe found himself obliged to work with that heterogeneous amalgam of Slavs and Ultramontanes which forms the not very dignified bodyguard surrounding him. Hence it has proved impossible to find a satisfactory solution for some of the most pressing questions. The ministry sows its seeds in the unfruitful ground of general indifference. It has to admit that it belongs to no party, and yet to demand sacrifices from all. In this wise the dreams of Count Taaffe of standing above all parties vanished, and together with these dreams the conciliation programme was shipwrecked. Its execution and realization were actively hindered by all those various nations and statelets who held that up to the present their historical rights had been oppressed. They each, seeing that the minister desired to be fair to them as well as to their brethren, showed themselves very eager and very anxious to realize for themselves immediately every advantage that could be derived from a ruler so well disposed to them.

In order to keep his inorganic majority in a good temper, Count Taaffe had to accord to its larger and smaller members certain concessions in the matters of language and education, which brought about in time more serious consequences than had been anticipated. Thus under his government the German language has been in danger of losing its characteristic as the State tongue; and the late imperial minister of war, Count Bylandt Rheydt, was himself obliged, in the interest of the army, to defend it against Taaffe. He issued a proclamation to the effect that the volunteers might not become officers unless they were able to use the German language, and that the theoretical examination of the officers of the Reserve must

be conducted in German, which he pronounced to be the official language of the army. How much the educational *niveau* of the Slav youth had suffered under the present system of government is shown by the circumstance that a very considerable percentage of these were not able to pass their examination in German, and in consequence, and as a punishment, had to serve for two years instead of one. Nor can the minister of war be blamed for his action; after all, the army must have a common language, and German has always been the official speech of Austria.

Count Taaffe is now reaping what he has sown; he has nourished a number of young Czechs, young Slavs, and clerical Hotspurs in his breast, and these are now turning upon him and rending him, placing him in the greatest embarrassments by demanding concessions for their various parties, which are in absolute contradiction to all Austrian traditions and endanger the very unity of the monarchy. Thus the Czechs demand that Bohemia should have autonomy such as Hungary enjoys, and that Moravia and Austrian Silesia should be incorporated within its borders, and they claim to see the emperor crowned king of Bohemia on the Hradschin. They demand further that the Czech tongue shall be used as the legal language in all government offices and courts of justice—in short, they wish to found a perfect Czech State in the empire. This, their opponents allege, would be to give back the education of youth into those hands which led Austria to Solferino and Sadowa. Count Taaffe's position became somewhat critical in January, 1890, but he once more succeeded by the intervention of the Bohemian conservative aristocracy in bringing about in outward form a reconciliation, and he has since held the post of premier more firmly than ever. His troubles, however, are by no means ended, nor is the reconciliation aught but hollow. For these Czechs are divided into two parties, the Old and the New, the one being Conservative, the other Radical. The old Czechs showed themselves willing to come to a compromise with the Germans, because they desired a political union of all the moderate parties of the empire against the extreme factions. The young Czechs opposed the compromise, because politically there was nothing in common between them and the great Bohemian landowners and clergy who formed the bulk of the old Czech party. The motto of the latter is, "Bohemia for the Bohemians;" of the former,

"Bohemia for the Czech democracy." In the matter of nationalism they stand on the same footing.

The hot, impetuous leader of the young Czech party, Edward Gregr, never ceases to protest against what he stigmatizes as the incessant insults and humiliations to which the Czech nation is subjected by the Germans, and he keeps alive in the country an agitation which the old Czech party who vote in favor of peace are unable to quell. Thus the apostle of reconciliation sees himself surrounded with nothing but discontented people, who after a conciliatory policy of eleven years still await reconciliation. He is further off from his goal to-day than when he came into office.

The result of the late elections has been that the young Czechs have been returned in greater numbers than ever, while the old Czech party must be considered as almost annihilated. A gale of national Chauvinism is blowing over Bohemia at this moment, which raises apprehensions as to the future of Count Taaffe's government. The task which he has in hand appears to be that of reconciling irreconcilable elements. Certainly the victories of the young Czechs are but another proof that the doctrines of the German Liberals are further off than ever from making any progress in the land.

For social questions, those burning questions of the day in all other States, Count Taaffe has no interest or comprehension. They may be said also to be in a backward state in Austria, torn as it is by all these national dissensions, and hampered by antiquated Ultramontane theories. Nevertheless it is a remarkable and significant fact that in no European country have the doctrines of the Socialists made such rapid progress as in Austria.

Count Taaffe is never absent from the Chamber. His hale face and bright eyes present a cheerful aspect. He speaks rarely and more often in the lobbies and at committee meetings than in the Chamber itself, but when he does get upon his feet he talks with the racy humor which he has inherited from his Irish ancestors. In the Ring Strasse and the Prater he is a familiar figure, with his grey overcoat and grey felt hat, which he wears very much on the back of his head. His coachman is as well known as his master; he has much the same figure, and wears his old clothes, even pushing his hat back in the same manner as the count, so much so that a witty Viennese once said: "This



Taafe, one never knows when one meets him whether he or his coachman is driving. The German party would never be able to upset him; if they were to throw him out of his carriage he would get up on to the box."

Near Count Taafe in the Chamber sat until quite recently a tall, blonde man, with refined and delicate features. This was Herr von Dunajewski, minister of finance. Julian von Dunajewski was born at Neusandec, and for many years was professor of political economy at the Jagellonski University of Cracow, where he lectured in Polish. He was chosen into the Cabinet of Count Taafe as a concession to the Polish faction, of which he had for many years been the leader in the Galician Diet. He was the chief orator of the ministry and an ardent supporter of the Federalistic idea, representing the views of the Extreme Right. A man of warfare, he does not seek to win over the opposition, but endeavors to destroy it. Beyond question he is largely responsible for the misunderstanding that has arisen between the opposition and the government, offending them by rash speeches and disrespect. His venomous words have greatly increased the difficulties of an understanding between the parties. He encourages the Feudalists and the Czechs in their resistance by continually repeating that by means of patience everything can be attained. He even went so far, in 1881, as to permit the acceptance of Czech bank notes at the State bank, in order to please the Bohemians, but he was obliged to withdraw this measure. It is he who made the famous statement that the government had shown that they could govern without the Germans, and could satisfy the demands of the State without them; and he has remained true to his utterances, for he did not take part in the recent conciliatory conference. He speaks with remarkable facility, and possesses in a high degree the art of grouping figures so as to render the most arid subjects interesting in discussion. But his figures are not always trustworthy, and the wish is frequently father to the thought, so that he is apt to discount probabilities. Thus, for example, when he presented the budget of 1889 he entered the Chamber radiant, bidding the deputies congratulate each other, for he was able to present them with a surplus of nine hundred thousand gulden. To his amazement this announcement called forth no applause, but rather mute dismay. What! only nine hundred thousand gulden

after the taxes had been raised fifty millions, after the people had made most heroic sacrifices without parallel in the history of Austrian finances. And a closer examination of the figures proved that even this slender surplus was rather the result of accident than of good management on the part of the finance minister. In that very year the returns from the income tax had been lower than usual; Galicia, Silesia, Moravia, and Bohemia had been visited with flood and disasters of various kinds; money was required to help them in their misfortunes, and yet at that very moment the minister of finances asked the deputies to congratulate themselves on the state of the Austrian budget.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
MADAME LA COMMANDANTE.

BY A. WERNER.

"AND so, after the first act, Deshayes and I went into the *foyer* —"

The chief of Mozimba Station was languidly rolling a cigarette between his long, white fingers, while the staff — with the exception of the obsequiously attentive second in command — lent an equally languid ear, while sipping their after-dinner coffee, to his reminiscences of the *beau temps jadis* of Brussels. Rawlings, the Englishman, who was near the foot of the table, and out of Lieutenant Sainte-Aldegonde's immediate line of vision, openly stifled a yawn, and gazed up at the rafters with the expression of a martyr. But the narrative was doomed never to reach its end.

"Isn't that a steamer whistling?" interrupted a sun-tanned officer, whose brusqueness of manner was as offensive to the polished chief as the very Teutonic accent of his French. At the same time, a confused noise of yelling and shouting assailed the ears of the company, and they turned with one accord to the window — all but the second, who still hung on Sainte-Aldegonde's lips with a show of grieved interest. The natives within the precincts of Mozimba Station, and those in the adjoining village, had already described the steamer, and were greeting it with a prolonged howl of "Sail oh!"

Sainte-Aldegonde sat up in his chair, and sent his boy out to make inquiries. The latter reappeared before long, escorting a stalwart Dutchman, who was welcomed by a chorus of "How do, Duyzen-daalders?" as soon as he showed his

jovial countenance — round and ruddy as a harvest moon, in spite of the climate — inside the door.

His report was quickly made. He had been sent on the steam-launch Ibis to announce the arrival of the Reine Hortense, with the commandant of Charlotteville, who, accompanied by his wife, was making an official tour on the upper river. The Ibis had been detained by an accident to her machinery, which forced her to steam slowly — otherwise she would have arrived that morning. The larger vessel was not far behind, and would probably reach Mozimba in an hour or two.

Then a great silence fell upon the mess-room — a silence none the less eloquent because of the very diverse feelings which produced it.

To say that Sainte-Aldegonde's countenance fell is to put it mildly. The second's jaw dropped, and he looked blank. Eschenbach grinned a silent but expressive grin, and furtively rubbed his hands together. And Rawlings appeared to be struggling with a kind of agonized mirth, and drew his foot up quickly — for Hemingway, the Yankee agent from Slick & Wilbur's trading-station, had kicked him under the table, and then winked with one eye, while the rest of his features preserved a lugubrious immobility. Captain Duyzendaalders observed and wondered, but said nothing; and in a few minutes the spasm, whatever it was, which seemed to have seized upon the whole *personnel* of the station, passed away, and the chief began giving orders right and left with a fiery vigor which was truly admirable. Then bustle and confusion reigned all around, in the midst of which Sainte-Aldegonde vanished, and was seen no more for some time. When he reappeared he was arrayed in a marvel of frilled shirt-front, got up regardless of climate, and seemed to have had his locks freshly crimped.

By the time everything was ready, and the garrison drawn up on the landing-stage, in clean white uniforms and shining rifle-barrels, the Reine Hortense came in sight, steaming slowly up the reach, with a prolonged howl from her whistles, which was not without its effect on Sainte-Aldegonde's sensitive nerves.

Bang! went the two howitzers — crack! crack! spit! the Haoussas' rifles! and when the smoke cleared off they saw a group of people standing on her upper deck. The captain was there, and a big, fair, square-shouldered man in uniform, and beside him a little lady in white, with

a tall colored woman in a crimson turban, standing behind her.

The big fair man was General van Heemskerk, commandant of Charlotteville and governor of the colony, and the lady was his wife — the first white woman ever seen in Mozimba.

Not a pretty woman, but — sometimes almost plain, and sometimes beautiful. Sainte-Aldegonde looked at her critically, as he handed her across the gangway plank with much officious politeness, and suspended his judgment for the present. She stepped ashore — a slight, graceful figure, whose upright carriage made her seem taller than she really was, and looked round with a half-pleased, half-shy light in bird-like brown eyes, and the softest of pink color in her cheeks, and the flash of white teeth in a strangely winning smile — and bowed in pretty recognition of the honest, admiring homage of black and white alike.

She was French — of that rare, best French type which is unique of its kind, and no more to be described than other unique things. She had charm rather than beauty — the charm that belongs to delicate and perfect finish; and everything about her was *finished*, from the cut of lip and nostril to the fit of her dainty shoe. She was dressed simply enough, and with due regard to the climate, but *Paris* seemed to be stamped on every soft, white fold of her gown, and every bow of crimson ribbon which relieved it with a touch of color. Something deeper, too, underlay the charm of her face and manner — something that puzzled a superficial observer. She had taste, and tact, and wit; she had intellect, too, an intellect many men envied — and, more than that, a great fiery heart, whose depths of love and compassion had never yet been sounded. She was the sort of Frenchwoman to make you understand Joan of Arc and Madame Roland; she might well have been descended from that Dominic de Gourgues, who went mad when he heard of the cruelties of the Spaniards, and forthwith set sail for the Spanish main to avenge the helpless Indians. Perhaps she was — for there was old Huguenot blood in her veins.

Her father had been governor of an African colony, where her childhood was passed; then, after a few years at school, and under the care of her mother's relatives, she had reigned, for a brief, bright season, as queen of a Paris *salon*, with poets, politicians, and men of science at her feet, and finally had astonished her

family and everyone else by marrying *un Hollandais absolument impossible*.

But those dark eyes could see very clearly. They had never been habituated to spectacles of any kind; and they looked right into the soul of Mauritius Van Heemskerk, and knew that he was good. He might not be brilliant, according to the standard of literary and fashionable society, and his view of ethical questions was, perhaps, sadly *bourgeois* and *borné*; but he was just, and strong, and wise, with the tough, canny, patient wisdom of the North and the sea; and she trusted him with her whole soul, and turned her back on Paris and "society," sailed for Africa with him, and was happy.

So she stepped ashore at Mozimba, amid much cheering and waving of hats and helmets, and Sainte-Aldegonde's most elaborate bow. And the latter wondered, in his despicable little soul, why the smile seemed to fade from her face as her eyes met his, and did not see that Rawlings, standing near, looked at him for a moment as though he longed to kick him.

He was a handsome fellow, Sainte-Aldegonde, after the conventional lady-killer pattern, with large eyes, long eyelashes, straight nose, and a beautiful black moustache, drooping over a mouth which, perhaps, gained by concealment.

He offered his arm to Madame Van Heemskerk — after the usual introduction and general speechification had been gone through — and conducted her up to the house, the rest of the party following.

"What a dude the fellow is!" remarked Hemingway aside to Rawlings; the two were standing somewhat apart.

"He's a *beast*!" said Rawlings shortly and sharply.

Hemingway looked at him inquiringly.

"If you can stand seeing him touch the hand of a woman like that, it's more than I can!"

"Oh!" said Hemingway, and began to whistle.

The main building of the new station had lately been finished, and was the pride of Sainte-Aldegonde's heart. Indeed, it presented quite a new and civilized appearance, with its walls of red and white brick arched windows, and verandah in front, roofed with corrugated iron.

Under the verandah, leaning against one of the pillars, sat, or rather lolled, a native girl of twelve or thirteen — slight, prettily-formed, and not ill-featured, and arrayed in an abbreviated cotton skirt, a bright silk handkerchief tied round her wool, and an astonishing quantity of bead

necklaces and cheap Birmingham jewelry. She was staring open-mouthed at the arrivals. Sainte-Aldegonde had been too much occupied with his guests to notice her till he was close upon her; then his face changed suddenly, and he said something in her own language which had the effect of making her cringe and cower, and slink away humbly, like a beaten dog. Madame Van Heemskerk did not understand the words; but she felt instinctively that, but for her presence, he would have kicked the girl, and involuntarily dropped his arm. He knew it, though he affected not to see; and there was an evil flash in his eyes for a moment — the next, he was urbane and smiling as ever.

The girl passed Hemingway and Rawlings, sobbing softly; she would, in the natural course of things, have screamed and howled aloud, but fear was too strong for even savage nature — at least till she got out of sight and hearing. The American looked at his companion, and slightly raised his eyebrows. Rawlings nodded gloomily.

"Reckoned so!" said Hemingway.

"Oh, *that* isn't all!" said Rawlings, in a low voice, as the two sauntered slowly up and down the landing-stage. "I said he was a beast, and so he is; but I think he's a devil as well — and that's worse, if anything. I've known men do nasty things sometimes, but he's the only one I ever saw that enjoyed giving pain for its own sake — you know what I mean? But aren't you going up to the house? Coffee and yarns in the verandah. *You've* been presented in due form, you know — I haven't."

"Then it *was* done on purpose? What in thunder for?"

"Don't know," said Rawlings with a laugh. "Perhaps he's got a down on me about that owl — or something else!"

"What owl?"

"I'll tell you. Have another weed to drive away the mosquitoes? It's not so bad as some things, but, somehow, it *feels* worse. It's one of those things you can't get over — that make me think, somehow, he must be a devil and not a man. About a month ago, there was a canoe of Bayansi traders came down from the Langa-Langa country, and stopped here. Some of them were up at the house, with curios and things to sell, and one had two or three of those little owls — I dare say you've seen them — you only get them near Upoto —"

"I know — jolly little fellows — only about as big as your fist."

"Well, Verhaeghe—the second, you know—"

"The one who did all the listening to the chief's yarns at dinner?"

"Yes. He bought one of them, and had it in a cage in his room. Next day, after lunch—a regular blazing day it was, too—he and the chief were both lying in hammocks in the verandah, smoking. I hadn't time to be in a hammock, bless you!—heat or no heat. I had to make out lists of stores, and all sorts of things that, for some reason or other, Sainte-Aldegonde wanted that night. Well—I was passing through the verandah, when I heard the chief ask Verhaeghe to send his boy for the bird, and they'd have some fun. I wondered what fun he could get out of it—especially as the poor little thing seemed stupid and mopy when it came—as was quite natural in broad daylight. They made the boy let it out on the floor, and laughed like a couple of idiots to see it scrambling about and trying to walk on the flat surface. When they got tired of that, I heard the chief—I was writing in the office, just off the verandah, you know—say to the boy, 'Put him outside in the sun; I want to see him blink!' I got up at that, and came out to see. The boy, Mafta, is a pretty decent sort of fellow, and never ill-uses an animal—and he hesitated as though he hadn't quite understood. I was so disgusted, I asked the chief how he'd like to be put out in the sun, just as he was. He scowled at me, and swore at Mafta, and told him again to do it. Mafta knew he had only *chicot* to expect if he didn't, so he picked up the little thing and carried it out into the blazing sunlight—it was two in the afternoon, mind you—and it hopped and struggled about for two or three minutes, and then dropped dead. The chief and Verhaeghe laughed fit to kill themselves; and that girl, Eyembo—the one you saw before—she was sitting on the floor beside the chief's hammock, swinging it for him and driving away the flies—she was one grin and giggle the whole time. I just looked at Sainte-Aldegonde and said to him, 'You beastly blackguard!'—and there's been precious little communication passed between us since."

Hemingway kicked a pebble into the river in emphatic disgust.

"Seems like," he remarked, in his slow, even tones, "as if he was kinder related to the cuss that burnt Rome down-- what was his name again?—the one that used to recreate himself spearin' flies with a penknife."

"Herod, wasn't it?" suggested Rawlings, running his fingers through his shock of black hair, as he struggled vaguely with reminiscences of his schooldays. "Bah!—don't talk of him any more—it makes me sick to think of him—grinning and bowing and doing the polite to the new governor."

"And the new governor's wife, eh?"

"Shut up, Hemingway!" was the somewhat irritable rejoinder.

"Well—well! He seems the right sort, any way. I say, Rawlings, what did Sainte-Aldegonde and all the rest of 'em say to it, when they found there was a Dutchman coming over to boss them?"

"They didn't like it," said Rawlings, chuckling softly, while his features relaxed in a delighted grin. "First they sat in a circle, and cussed, as you fellows would say, 'internally, externally, and e-tarnally'—and then they were going to memorialize the home government. I don't know whether they've done it yet!"

The stars were out now, and the cool night air softly stirred the tops of the fan-palms on the river front. Rawlings and Hemingway walked up and down under them for some time longer, smoking, and talking about everything in heaven and earth. They had not known each other long, and met but seldom; but they were the only Anglo-Saxons within an area of five hundred miles, and set a proportionate value on each other's society.

From the verandah came the sound of voices and laughter. Sainte-Aldegonde was in great force, and had produced the last case of champagne sent out from Europe. His soul misgave him somewhat—he looked forward, not exactly with pleasure, to the morrow's official inspection. Therefore he exerted himself to please, but not without a painful sense of uncertainty as to the result. He was uncomfortable under the slow scrutiny of the Dutchman's grey eyes. He had said to himself that there should be no difficulty in dealing with a stolid Netherlands ox like that. But a slow, stolid man, with that kind of massive forehead and square jaw, is apt to be an awkward customer; and if Sainte-Aldegonde had been in the habit of reading history, he might have known that William the Silent was just such another Netherlands ox as Mauritius Van Heemskerck.

Healthis were drunk, and speeches made, and Verhaeghe laughed immoderately at his commanding officer's witticisms—and the governor said little, and

thought much, and his eyebrows drew closer together as the evening wore on.

Madame had retired some time ago to the best room in the station; hastily prepared for her reception, where Justine awaited her. Justine had been Mam'selle Denise's playmate in childhood, as she was now madame's maid, and at all times her faithful friend and confidante—a *café-au-lait* Sénégalaise, with big eyes and aquiline features, tall and majestic in her sweeping cotton draperies.

"Put out the light, Justine," said madame. "The night is so beautiful, I want to sit here a little while and look out at the river. And you can see enough to brush my hair."

Before her lay the silver reaches of the Great River, broken by one or two low black islands, with the graceful crowns of fan-palms rising high above the shapeless masses of scrub. The full moon was high in the sky, dimming the lustre of the stars, and making a chequer-work of inky-black shadows under the palms where Hemingway and Rawlings were walking up and down, their cigars glowing like fireflies in the darkness. From the village came the boom and roll of drums, and the wild chant—unmelodious indeed, but with a certain rude, stirring rhythm—of the Bakoro dance, mingled with the shouts of the *massanga* drinkers—"late at even ower the wine." And while she looked a great blot of blackness would appear on the silver surface of the river, and move slowly along, sending great ripples in all directions—and she asked, "What is that, Justine?"

"Popotame, madame."

"Ah, so it is!" The black spot disappeared, with a splash and a surging of waters that reached them above the other noises of the night. "But—there—that is not a hippo, Justine!"

Justine went nearer to the window, and swept the glittering surface with her keen eyes. "No, madame—it is a boat—a white man's boat."

It came nearer—it vanished under the shadow of an island—it glided out again into the light. Clearly a white man's boat—though it was impossible as yet to see who was navigating it. The sentry on the lookout post had already seen it, and the crack of his rifle rang out on the night—the place was filled with black figures hurrying to and fro, and soon half the station was gathered at the landing-stage.

The two women, leaning out as far as they could from the window, noticed that the drums had suddenly ceased, and that,

in the verandah below them, there was deep stillness as of expectation. Then a confused din from the river seemed to tell that the boat had arrived, and presently a group approached the house—a black soldier of the garrison, two or three naked Bayansi, and Rawlings and Hemingway.

"What does it mean, Justine?" And, naturally, Justine did not "savour."

They waited in silence and suspense. Denise Van Heemskerck did not know why those minutes should seem like hours, and she should feel a sickness as if her heart had ceased to beat. All that she had seen and heard were ordinary occurrences enough. Afterwards she thought the shadow of what was coming must have fallen on her that night.

There were heavy steps outside, and a knock at the door.

"Denise, *ma mie*! May I come in?"

In another moment she was at his side.

"*Chérie*—there is trouble up the river. There is war between two villages, and they have burnt down the American factory at Yarukombe, and, it is believed, killed the trader living there. Some natives who have escaped have come to bring the news. They say also—and, if true, this is very serious—that the Langa-Langa tribes are joining together for a great raid, and collecting all their war-canoes for an attack on the Bakoro—the people round here."

"What will you do, Maurice?"

"I have given orders for the steam-launch of the station to be got ready at once. I will leave with Duyzendaalders and all the men we can take. The Reine Hortense must follow to-morrow. We may be able to save poor Wilcox—for it is by no means certain that he is dead. What do *you* think, Denise?"

"I think you are doing right. Do you know how the war arose?"

"No. I fear—I greatly fear—there was provocation on the American's side, or they would not have attacked him. Anyhow, the matter must be looked into, and I will do it myself." He caught a pleading look in her eyes, as she lifted them to his. "You can trust me, Denise, can't you?—to see fair play—at least, to do my best. A man can do no more!"

The only answer was to clasp her arms round his neck and bury her face on his shoulder. "Can't I come with you?" she whispered fervently.

"Not very well. We want every inch of space for fighting men and ammunition. Yes, I know what I promised; but there is no particular danger this time. I must



say I had rather not leave you here, but I cannot send you down to Charlotteville; the Ibis —"

"Oh, no, no! If I cannot come with you, I will wait for you here. But — I cannot tell why — I cannot *bear* letting you go alone, Maurice. Give me a boy's clothes and a rifle, and let me come!"

"Denise, if we were in desperate danger I should not refuse you. But surely you are over-tired and fanciful, little wife! Why, I shall be back again in a few days. Don't be foolish!"

"I *am* foolish," she said, smiling up at him. "It is a shame to worry you, and time presses. I will wait for you here."

"There's one thing!" The big, blunt soldier caught her close, and held her tightly in his arms, while he bent down and whispered: "Denise, I know you, and we know and trust each other. It would be insulting you to suppose you couldn't take care of yourself; but — but — I don't like that Sainte-Aldegonde!"

"I detest him," she whispered.

"There — there — take care, but don't worry yourself. Now, there is no time to be lost."

The station was all alive by this time with the bustle of preparations. The little Princesse Marie lay puffing off the landing-stage, the red gleam from her open furnace-doors reflected in the moonlit river. Rawlings was superintending the loading, when Hemingway, followed by his boy carrying a rifle, sauntered down from the station.

"Wa-a," he remarked, "I'm going up to see the fun — ain't you?"

"No, worse luck. Do you think Wilcox is dead?"

"Guess not; it don't look like him. But I've got to go and see what there is left of the station, anyway. I *want* to know what diversions he's been up to, to get it burned down."

"Hemingway!" — Rawlings turned on him quickly, and spoke in a suppressed whisper. Hemingway ordered his boy on board the steamer, and ejaculated, "Eh?"

"*He* doesn't know," began Rawlings, "and confound it all, I can't tell him!"

"Who? — Van Heemskerck? What about?"

"Hemingway — you know as well as I do, how that Bukumbi palaver began. You know as well as I do that, whatever has happened up there, poor Wilcox was not to blame in the first instance."

"I don't know that I do. There was something about two Bukumbi girls, wasn't

there? — and your precious chief's in it — that I know."

"That's it. He bought them from the Yarukombe people. At least he picked a quarrel with them, and kept some of them as hostages, till they kidnapped these girls from Bukumbi for him — and they're here now. One of them's Eyembo, that you saw yesterday; the other one, they say — God help the poor thing! — is like a little wild cat, and won't let him come near her. But you see now why they burnt down Yarukombe, and your factory with it."

"Never you worry, Rawlings — I'll tell him — and everything else I know. About his shelling Yankonde, and digging up Lusalla's manioc patches. He's a man with a head on his shoulders, and — and — I hope there are better times coming for good fellows like you."

"I never thought it could be a comfort to believe in hell — but I find it so when I think of that fellow," said Rawlings.

"She'll find him out," said Hemingway reflectively — "or I'm very much mistaken in those eyes of hers. And she'll tell the governor — bet your life — and then I wouldn't give much for Sainte-Aldegonde's chances of promotion. What was that?"

"Where?"

"Over here, behind this heap of cases." They went and looked, but could find nothing.

"May be it was one of those Bakoro rascals, come to see what he could sneak. They're like snakes, the way they come and go. We can't catch him — never mind. Here, get on, you fellows!"

The loading went on afresh with renewed vigor, to the tune of "John Brown's body," and before another hour was out the Princesse Marie was steaming away into the forest-shadows, carrying with her the proconsul of *Æthiopia* and his fortunes.

The Reine Hortense did not, as originally arranged, start next day. Something was found to have happened to her machinery which necessitated extensive repairs; and these repairs, strangely enough, were not entrusted to Rawlings, who understood machinery pretty well, though not an engineer by profession, but to certain black British subjects from Cape Coast, who knew very little about it, superintended by Verhaeghe, who knew nothing. Rawlings's services, it appeared, were urgently required by the Ibis. He had his own thoughts about the matter, but could not quite understand it.

The third day there arrived a native canoe bearing despatches for Sainte-Alde-

gonde from the governor. He said that all was well so far — he had met with no unfriendly natives, and did not foresee any very grave difficulties. They were not to hurry about despatching the Reine Hortense, but to be very careful about her loading, and, especially, to supply a stock of trade goods of the very best quality.

Denise was somewhat reassured by these tidings. Indeed, the strange foreboding anxiety she had felt had not lasted. She was not much given to worrying herself about her husband in his absence — whether owing to her splendid confidence in him, or her firm faith in Providence, it would be hard to say. Apart from this, the time passed not unpleasantly. She liked and trusted both Eschenbach and Rawlings, won golden opinions from the Zanzibaris and Haoussas, and attempted to cultivate the acquaintance of Mozimba and his subjects — which had the effect, first, of frightening them out of their senses and then of obliging her to hold *levées* so numerous attended that they were slightly trying. Of Sainte-Aldegonde she saw but little during the first two or three days; and on those occasions he contrived to be less intolerable than usual.

Bukumbi is supposed to be, under favorable circumstances, about a week's steam from Mozimba. The governor could not expect to be back much under a fortnight; but news of him reached the station pretty frequently through passing canoes — mostly in the shape of hasty letters to his wife — letters which John Churchill of Marlborough might have written. Why borrow trouble? There was no need to be afraid — and before her lay a whole new world of interest and a few of the *désagréments* inevitable in life.

Her own instincts, as well as her husband's warning, made her very distantly polite to Sainte-Aldegonde, when she could not avoid meeting him. But she did not conceive that she had much to fear in that quarter. The man could never have the insane assurance to raise his eyes to the governor's wife, unless he received some distinct encouragement; and that he could have no excuse for imagining. But she little knew — how could she know? — the mind of such a man as that. His ideas of womanhood were gathered from the experiences of a disgraceful past, supplemented by the worst French theatres and the worst French novels. He knew that Madame Van Heemskerk was a Parisienne, and had moved in fashionable society. He affected to think, moreover — it is difficult to imagine that even he could

really have believed it, after once seeing her — that the reasons for her quitting the said society were of a kind not to be made public. He thought all Parisiennes were alike — *i.e.*, more or less like the Comtesse de Restaud and her sister; for, though Balzac, on the whole, was too great a tax upon his intellect, he had read "Le Père Goriot." And the man's colossal vanity was such that he believed no one could resist him. Her coldness he attributed to prudence — to affectation — to anything but the true cause.

She soon found out that she was being laid siege to, in the old approved fashion. She felt no fear — only utter disgust, and longed for Mauritius's return, taking refuge, meanwhile, in the society of honest, cheery Eschenbach, who instructed her in botany — which he had at his fingers' ends, as well as most other sciences — and escorted her on small excursions into the bush. She missed Rawlings, who now never appeared at the dinner-table — and remembered that, one day, when he and Eschenbach were seated with her under the verandah, Sainte-Aldegonde had come in and ordered the Englishman off, rudely enough, to go and inspect the manioc plantations. When she explained that Rawlings was there by her invitation, and that she had hoped his work was over for the day, the chief simply bowed, and informed her, with his most ravishing smile, that discipline was inexorable. She put these two facts together, and then gained further information from Justine. Justine looked as demure as a well-bred pussy cat — but she was a famous hand at collecting station gossip, in spite of the fact that she could speak little Swahili and no English. She told madame of many things — among others, of the girl Eyembo, and four or five like unto her, who had been expelled from the house on the governor's arrival, but could not be effectually suppressed, and hung about forlornly in odd corners. Madame listened, and was sick at heart.

Van Heemskerk had been gone ten days. The Reine Hortense had left at last — after a week's delay. Sainte-Aldegonde was becoming more and more unmistakable. Rawlings knew it, and ground his teeth in secret. Eschenbach saw it, and looked at her with a mixture of reverent admiration and pitying anxiety, and once took occasion to say to her apart — in the accent which was so exasperating to the chief's refined ear: "*Madame, si vous avez besoin de moi* —" And Justine overheard a conversation between the chief and Verhaeghe, which she did not

report to madame, but which made her belie her civilized Christian training by longing to kill those two with slow tortures.

Well — and then Eschenbach had an idea. How he got his way, in the teeth of Sainte-Aldegonde, no man knows to this day; but get it he did, and it consisted of the whale-boat, and of the necessary crew, and Rawlings, who by some rare favor was allowed a day's leave. And those two were to take madame and Justine out for a picnic on the river — and they were going to land on a certain island, where they should dine, and find lilies and orchids, and see rare sport in the way of fishing. They were to start at dawn and come back in the evening.

After the sick oppression of the last few days, Denise felt like a child in view of a promised holiday. She laughed at herself for being so eager and impatient, and was filled with a quite disproportionate dread lest something should happen to prevent the excursion. The preparations went briskly forward, and at last the final evening came.

At midnight she was awakened by a noise outside. Justine, looking from the window, saw blazing torches, and a number of men and women rushing to and fro, and then Sainte-Aldegonde's voice seemed to be heard from the verandah, but she could not make out what had happened. After a time all was still, and she lay down again and fell asleep.

What had happened was that the Bukumbi girl — not Eyembo, but the other — the "little wild cat" — had run away, and escaped to the bush.

They came back in the evening, with an indescribable red and gold sunset reflected in the river. It had been a perfect day — one of those days it is good to look back to, which look brighter to memory by contrast with the darkness that follows them; and each of those four honest hearts had enjoyed it to the full. Only at the last they hurried back somewhat sooner than they had intended, because the Zanzibaris thought there was a tornado brewing.

They arrived at Mozimba landing-stage. Eschenbach helped Madame Van Heemskerk on shore, and Rawlings Justine. In walking up to the house, they thought the place looked strangely deserted; but from some unseen quarter rose a tumult of voices, dominated now and then by piercing screams.

"Captain Eschenbach — what is that? It is a woman's voice!"

Eschenbach turned red and confused. He did not know — but he guessed.

"Come here," said Rawlings to a passing Zanzibari. "What is the matter?"

"Lenji-Lenji has been caught," said the fellow, "and the great master is *chicottling* her."

Denise knew enough Swahili to catch the sense of the words.

"Who is Lenji-Lenji?" she asked.

Both men turned redder than before, and looked foolishly at each other. But Justine bent forward and whispered in her ear.

"Come!" she said, taking Justine by the arm, and leading the way round to the back of the house.

"But, madame," stammered Eschenbach, "you must not — it is not fit —"

She looked at him gently, but her eyes were keen as a sword.

"Hush!" she said, "I must."

And they followed her.

In the open space outside the powder magazine a crowd was gathered, so dense that it was impossible to see the object that had drawn them together. Whatever it was, it was sending forth those fearful, agonized shrieks, which Denise Van Heemskerk says she hears, and will hear, in dreams, to the day of her death.

She approached the edge of the crowd.

"Madame!" whispered Rawlings, "don't — for the love of God, don't. You *must* not see it."

She turned, and took the young fellow's hand.

"I am a woman," she said softly, "and *that* is a woman. Do not try to stand in my way."

She dropped his hand and went straight forward, with the fire of old Dominic de Gourgues flashing in her eyes. "Let me pass," she said quietly — and they made way for her, till she saw what those true hearts had tried to save her from seeing.

She saw Louis-Valentijn de Sainte-Aldegonde lazily stretched in his canvas chair, with Eyembo to fan him, and his boy on the other side to hand him brandy and soda water. And she saw four Haoussa soldiers, kneeling on the ground and holding down, by the hands and feet, something that, twenty-four hours before, had been a lithe, comely, bronze statue of a Bakumu girl. Now it was a bleeding and quivering mass of flesh; and two men stood beside it, wielding their long hippopotamus-hide lashes in practised hands, and cutting deep through skin and muscle at every blow.

"Lieutenant Sainte-Aldegonde, what is the meaning of this?"

He rose, and bowed, as he replied with lazy insolence, —

"Madame does not understand the discipline of the station, I see."

"Will you have this stopped at once? My husband, I know, would never allow it."

"Madame must perceive that the presence of a lady is scarcely desirable here."

"I will not have such scenes enacted before me!"

"I repeat, madame has only to relieve us of her presence."

"I will not move from this spot until this brutality is stopped."

He leaned forward, till his lips almost touched her cheek, and spoke in a low whisper, —

"Madame knows very well on what terms she may command the station and all in it."

There was silence all round — silence that might be felt. Everyone was aghast with utter amazement. She had struck him in the face.

The shock was too great for any words. It was as if the earth had opened under his feet. Perhaps the best way was — seeing no one had said anything — to make believe to himself and others that it had never happened.

She never gave him a second look, but turned to the Haoussas.

"Let that girl go at once!"

"Go on!" shouted Sainte-Aldegonde, as his senses began to come back to him. "If you don't, you shall have five hundred apiece."

They had begun to obey, when she flung herself before them.

"No, you shall not!" She had thrown herself down over the girl and was lying half across her, her white dress rolled in blood. "Go on now, if you dare! You dare not touch me!"

They hesitated. Eschenbach and Rawlings had forced their way through the crowd, and were standing, one on either side. Rawlings had his hand on the deringer in his trousers' pocket. Denise Van Heemskerk rose to her knees.

"Come and help me, Justine!" she said — for Justine had followed, and was standing beside her; and between them they lifted the girl up — she was just able to stand — and supported her between them. Rawlings came to her side, but she shook her head, and said in a low tone, "No — your part may come later. Come, Justine!"

They turned and led her towards the house. Sainte-Aldegonde stopped in their way, but she gave him one look that seemed to burn right through him, and, as it were, waved him aside with a scarcely perceptible motion of her head; and, shameless as he was, he shrank back like a whipped cur and let her pass.

They went indoors, and laid Lenji-Lenji down on madame's own bed, where her hurts were ministered to by tender hands, and she heard words spoken which she knew were kind, though she could not understand them, and wondered if she were in a dream. Madame did not appear at dinner, but remained in her room for the rest of the evening. The chief, torn asunder by dread and uncertainty, in view of the general's possible return — for, after all, things might have gone well, and the Reine Hortense have come up with him in time — took counsel with himself, and sent a humble message asking madame to grant him an interview and let him explain. She returned a curt refusal.

So passed three sickening days of waiting. No news of the general — but then he must be on the way, and would be at Mozimba before his couriers could reach it. She left her apartment as little as possible, quartered Lenji-Lenji in a little room opening off it — and only once met Sainte-Aldegonde. He came up to her on the causeway through the rice fields, where she had gone to walk with Justine, under Eschenbach's escort, and in a jaunty manner, overpowered at intervals by a sort of hang-dog sheepishness — began his "explanation."

"He regretted what had occurred — but madame was sensitive and new to the country — and she did not know what miserable wretches these women were —"

"Monsieur," she said, "any one of those poor creatures is as good a wife as you deserve — and *that* one is far too good for you."

And with that she turned and left him, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists in impotent rage.

That night the Princesse Marie came in. She arrived at midnight, when all was still in the station — they had steamed night and day to get back. They had missed the Reine Hortense altogether; and Van Heemskerk was not with them.

"Rawlings! Rawlings!" said Hemingway as he stepped ashore, and grasped his friend's arm, "*you* must tell her. Don't, for God's sake, let *him*! There's been awful foul play somewhere!"

Rawlings had half heard, but did not

know clearly — or *would* not know — what had happened.

"What is it? Where is the governor?"

"Dead!" said the Yankee. "Gone home! Got a spear clean through him, and fell overboard in mid-stream — and we couldn't save him — couldn't even pick up his body. Don't lose time — he'll be there first, and he'll kill her! You were right, old man — he's a devil!"

No need to tell Rawlings to hasten. They forced their way through the clamoring group on the landing-stage, and ran up to the house. Half-way up the stairs to her room, they knew they were too late.

"Have you got your six-shooter, Hemingway?" whispered Rawlings. "Hit him if I miss!"

Her door was wide open. She was standing up in her white dressing-gown, with her hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes blazing defiance. Justine knelt at her feet, holding one small, cold hand in hers, fondling and kissing it, and calling on her in passionate words.

"Madame! — chère madame! — don't mind him! Mademoiselle Denise! — my own sweet life! — do not listen to him, the lying devil! Madame, it is not true!"

The man before her laughed out loud.

"We shall soon see! Do you understand *now*?"

But with that an Englishman's fist struck him between the eyes and down he went like a pole-axed ox.

"Get out of this, unless you want to be shot like a dog! Look out for his pistol, Hemingway!"

They seized his hands before he could fire, but it went off in the struggle, and the bullet lodged in Hemingway's shoulder. He held on, however, and the two dragged him to the door, yelling foul curses and blasphemies, but powerless in their hands.

"Shut up, or we'll pitch you down the stairs!" said the Yankee, so sternly that the man's craven soul sank in him, and he was silent. They got him out, and barred the door, drawing a heavy packing-case in front of it. Then they turned to her.

She was sitting on the bed, white as a sheet and vacant-eyed — staring straight before her.

"Good God!" whispered Hemingway. "Speak to her, Rawlings! Make her cry if you can, or she'll go mad!"

Rawlings went over to her, and bent down, speaking very gently.

"Madame, won't you tell us what that fellow has been saying to you?"

"Oh!" — she looked at him vaguely, as

if trying to remember who he was — "I know I am dreaming, and I shall wake; but it is so stupid not to be able to wake when one likes. He was saying — yes — Justine! what was he saying?"

"Oh, madame! — oh, Mam'selle Denise!" sobbed Justine, rocking to and fro.

"Madame," said poor, honest Rawlings, feeling as if he would choke — "can't you tell us? Did he say anything about — about General Van Heemskerk?"

"M. le Général Van Heemskerk, Commandant de Charlotteville, Gouverneur-Général de —" she ran on in a low, monotonous tone.

"Ah, madame, listen! These gentlemen have come to tell you the truth! See now, messieurs — that lying scoundrel — may God curse him! — has been telling madame that Monsieur le Général is dead — killed by those accursed pagans up the river. Say now it is not true."

"Ah, yes!" Her whole body worked convulsively, and she burst into wild laughter, and then into tears. "He said they killed him — tortured him to death. *N'est-ce pas que c'est ridicule, Justine?*"

Hemingway came nearer, and spoke very low. He saw a gleam of hope now.

"That is not true, madame. God has taken him, but he died in battle like a brave man — suddenly, without any suffering. I saw him die, madame, and I know."

Rawlings turned away and hid his face. Hemingway told her all, very slowly and quietly; and she sat with head bowed down, and loose black hair streaming over her knees, while Justine knelt beside her, and stroked her hands caressingly.

And at the end she lifted her head, and looked him right through with her clear eyes, and said, —

"Tell me, Mr. Hemingway, *was there treachery?*"

And with those eyes upon him, he could not tell her less than the truth; how the machinery had broken down at a critical moment, just when the little vessel was aground on a sand-bank, and the Langa-Langa canoes were swarming up on every side; and how the Reine Hortense had never come up with them at all. And then he shuddered to see how white and terrible her face had grown.

"I know it now," she said — "oh, I know! Mr. Rawlings, you have seen, I think — I do not want to have to *say* it — how he has behaved to me. He knew — *hoped* — that Maurice would never come back. Oh, my God! whom can one trust, when men can be like that?"



"Madame, you can trust *us*!" said both those true men in one breath; and she smiled, and held out a hand to each, and said, "I know it. May God bless you both!" Will Rawlings kissed the hand he held—it was the left, with her wedding ring upon it—and sobbed aloud. Do what he would he could not help it.

"You may think it strange," she said, in an odd, dreamy tone, "that I do not weep. I cannot think he is gone—yet. That will come afterwards, I suppose."

"You must get away from here, madame," said Hemingway. In his heart he thought: "This is an awkward business to be reported home—and nothing would be easier than to give out that she had died of a fever. A bullet apiece for Rawlings and Eschenbach, and who's going to listen to me?"

"That is true. Will one of you send Captain Duyzendaalders here. But stay, it may not be safe."

"Perfectly safe, madame. He *dare* not face me. He knows I can shoot."

"Let me come with you," whispered Rawlings, following him to the door. "Old man, you're hurt."

"No! Don't you think of leaving her for a moment! I'm not hurt worth a cent. It's all right, he'll never touch me."

She wanted Duyzendaalders to take her up the river, that she might find his body and bury it; and it went to their hearts to tell her it was hopelessly impossible—but she was convinced at last. She wanted, too, to restore poor Lenji-Lenji to her own people at Bukumbi, and had to be persuaded that this also could not be done. In the end, she left for Charlotteville in the Princesse Marie, in the grey of the following morning, taking Lenji-Lenji with her. Hemingway went, too, and tried hard to make Rawlings do likewise.

"No, thank you," replied that worthy. "My three years are nearly up, and I don't care to lose my screw just at last for breach of contract. *She* wants me to—yes—but there's no danger. Eschenbach will stand by me—the blackguards are afraid of him, somehow or other. I do believe my Zanzibaris would mutiny—bless them!—if anything happened to me. Good-bye, old chap, and mind you stand by her!"

"All Europe shall hear it!" were her last words to Verhaeghe, who came, with fawning obsequiousness, and careful renunciation of any part or lot in the chief's actions, to see her on board. And Europe would have heard, had it depended on her. But "untoward events" always get

hushed up somehow—and home officialism has never chosen to know how Mauritijs Van Heemskerk died.

From The National Review.

#### A DILIGENCE JOURNEY IN SPAIN.

FOR many years the only means of reaching Gibraltar by the overland route was (to use an Irish, albeit strictly correct expression), to take ship from Cadiz or Malaga, the two nearest termini of the Spanish railways. Of course a similar proceeding was obligatory on those resident on the Rock who wished to visit Seville or Granada, or make the return journey to England overland. As the coasting steamers which performed this service were not always of the best class, nor very certain in their days of arrival and departure, no little amount of inconvenience and expense was often incurred by travellers by this route.

Of late years the boat service has been considerably improved, but nothing can obviate the possible unpleasantness of some six hours' voyage along a coast which is peculiarly liable to sudden breezes and a consequent nasty short sea. This sea voyage will some day be entirely obviated, when the railway extension from Bobadilla on the Malaga-Granada railway to Algeciras is completed. Events move leisurely in Spain, and the railway, which has been under construction for years, is still a long way from completion, and in all probability, despite what is promised by the directors, and as confidently expected by the sanguine public anxious to benefit by it, will not be open for the next couple of years at the earliest. True to its proverbial obstinacy and shortsightedness, the Spanish government has run the new line direct to Algeciras, leaving Gibraltar, as is their wont in all their arrangements, severely alone. Hence, when the new line is opened, the nearest point of call will be on the banks of the Guadarranque, or "1st River" of the British officer quartered at Gibraltar, some five miles from the Rock.

Some fifteen years ago, when I first visited Gibraltar, the overland mail used to come to San Fernando, on the Cadiz line of railway, and thence by diligence to Tarifa, along an old road in an execrable condition. From Tarifa the mail-bags were carried on mules to Algeciras, another eighteen miles, whence they were taken to San Roque, and from thence to Gibralt-

tar by a hardy old Scotchman, Mr. McRae, well known to former residents of the Rock. The old fellow made his ride to Gibraltar with the mail-bags, daily for some forty years, and it was not until it was decided to send the mails across the bay by steamer that he was pensioned. He did not, however, long survive the cessation from his hard daily work. Many men who read this will, if they have forgotten the old man, call to mind the excellent milk punch which he brewed and kept always ready for the weary sportsman, a fact which somehow made the town of San Roque nearly always "on the road home" to not a few, wherever the meet of the Calpe hunt may have been.

The Spaniards at Algeciras naturally felt severely the isolation to which they were condemned by the want of a road to Tarifa, which would have placed them in direct communication by road with Cadiz; hence it is not to be surprised at that, after a decent interval and due consideration of the subject, a road was projected to run between the two towns.

There can be no denying the fact that road-making in Andalusia is no easy matter, and one that requires extreme care and no little skill, besides plenty of money. The deep ravines in the rocky sierras form regular catchments for the heavy rain storms, which during the winter months sweep over the country with a violence unknown to dwellers in England. On such occasions every ravine, hitherto perhaps dry, becomes a raging torrent, carrying down with it huge rocks and *débris* which infallibly would sweep away any ordinary bridge. But the greatest difficulty to be overcome in the particular case in question was a geological one. The rocky hills lying between Algeciras and Tarifa are, like all the Spanish sierras, composed of huge stratified slabs of sandstone and limestone, tilted up at every conceivable angle, and contorted beyond belief. Between these great ledges of stone the soil is heaped up in great masses, interspersed with enormous boulders and fragments of rock, which have either come down from the sierra above or been left stranded by the process of denudation. It is obvious that any road, no matter how carefully engineered, that has to be constructed along hill-sides of this character, is peculiarly liable to suffer from landslips, since the heavy rains constantly carry down the light friable soil from the hill-sides, and the rocks as constantly lose support and slide, often carrying with them tons of earth. It can easily be con-

ceived that this process of torrents and landslips for ages untold had made some of the water-courses and ravines exceedingly difficult to bridge. Two especially, one close to Algeciras and another about half-way to Tarifa, were terrible obstacles in rainy weather, and a freshet in either of them absolutely barred the old muleteers' road, and often caused bitter disappointment and discomfiture to shooting-parties proceeding to La Janda or elsewhere from Gibraltar.

*No hay prisa* is a maxim of general application in Spain; hence it is hard to say when the road I attempt to describe was commenced. All I know is that, between the time of my first arrival on the Rock and subsequent departure, nearly six years later, the road only existed in sections; bridges spanned some of the ravines, but the approaches to them had not been made, and hence they were inaccessible. The bridge-road from Tarifa wound over the hills, at times following a completed portion of badly metalled road, at others threading its course through scrub and palmetto, or descending into some rocky ravine.

Upon the completion of the road, the diligence ran direct from San Fernando *via* Tarifa to Algeciras, and as it is thus a comparatively modern institution, it may interest some to hear how a journey has still to be performed in Spain in the present year of grace. It may be said that it is a far-fetched example; but when it is recollected that Cadiz is one of the most important, if not the most important seaport and fortress in the peninsula, and that the only way at present to reach Tarifa and Algeciras from it is by the road in question, it will be conceded that it is not quite so much out of the world as some people imagine. Further, it must be remembered that the fortress of Ceuta on the African coast opposite to Gibraltar, and to which the Spaniards attach such importance, has its line of communication absolutely through Algeciras.

Leaving Gibraltar one fine morning last January with the English mail-bags, by the eleven o'clock boat, we eventually landed at Algeciras, having taken just an hour to steam some four miles and a half. Proceeding to the house whence the diligence started, we arranged for our seats and inspected our conveyance, which was standing in front of the posting-house. A Spaniard is nothing without a title, hence the whole front of the modest building, which contained the stables and tiny office, was lettered "Administracion de la Madi-

leña," which it must be conceded was at any rate imposing.

The vehicle itself was much like the old French model, and consisted of a box seat behind the coachman's, with a *coupé* in rear, the remainder of the conveyance being of an omnibus type, with seats fore and aft and a door in rear. The hood of the old French diligence was replaced by wooden weather-boards, with a sliding roof as an extra protection against rain and sun.

On the roof was another seat, the remainder of the space being destined for luggage.

Having found the "administrador," or, in other words, the booking-clerk, we proceeded to select our places. The gentleman in question was most courteous, and explained that a seat in the *coupé* was fourteen shillings, and one on the roof ten shillings. As the *coupé* was worth the extra dollar, we elected to take seats therein. I mention this as a matter of general interest to travellers in Spain, and for this reason, that, having done some amount of wandering in that country, I fondly imagined that I had mastered the language sufficiently not to be "taken in." On our return journey, the official at the other end of the line asked and received eight shillings for the same seats. I was naturally surprised at the moderation he had evinced, and incidentally mentioned the fact to a Spanish gentleman who was my fellow traveller. The latter proceeded to explain to me that he had paid six shillings, and that was the legal fare. Under ordinary circumstances I should have felt annoyed at being charged thirty-three per cent. above the correct amount, but, as it is, I shall ever be grateful to that man for not charging me one hundred and thirty-three per cent., as did my courteous friend at Algeciras. Discontented people in England, who grumble at being charged five per cent. government rate on their railway tickets, should make a note of this, and be thankful for such small mercies as they may receive.

After a becoming delay, the team, seven in number, were brought out. It would be impossible to describe with any accuracy the marvellous harness with which they were equipped, but, like everything else in Spain, it was a survival of what many generations have proved to be best suited for the purpose, and hence was eminently well qualified to fulfil the object required. The wheelers, two big mules, were attached to the pole, more or less in the usual fashion. They, however, do

not carry bits, but the heavy *cavesson*. A single rope rein was made fast to the outer side of each of their head-stalls, and a leathern thong connected the inner sides. Hence the driver had only a single pair of reins to handle, a pull on the near side one acting on the off wheeler by means of the connecting thong.

So far was plain enough. The next pair of animals, horses, were harnessed with traces to the splinter-bars, in much the usual manner, with the exception that the first bar, in lieu of being attached to the pole, was fixed to the end of a long chain secured to the fore part of the vehicle, and suspended from the pole by a couple of short lengths of chain, terminating in rings, through which it was rove. To either end of this splinter-bar was attached the pair of bars carrying the traces of the leaders. These traces ran continuously along the two pairs of leaders, being attached to their collars. Neither of these pair of horses had any reins at all, but were coupled together by leathern thongs in a similar manner to the wheelers. In front of all a single leader was harnessed, ridden by a lad. Such was, broadly, the way in which the team was harnessed; the traces and much of the other parts of the tackle were made of stout ropes, in some cases of two twisted together.

The object of this peculiar arrangement of harnessing the leaders became apparent later on, for upon occasions when the postillion led unduly near the edge of the road, or when the intermediate horses cut a corner and thus made a capsizé possible, a vigorous haul on the wheelers' reins caused them to swerve off and thus take the diligence into a safer place.

Having mounted our seats, at one o'clock the start was effected with remarkable punctuality. This was a very imposing affair, and made at a hand-gallop through the narrow streets and round an unpleasantly sharp corner, over a bridge, accompanied by loud cries and cracking of whips on the part of the coachman, and vigorous flogging of the leader by the postillion, and of the near side horses of the whole team by another functionary, who shared the box seat and was specially retained for this purpose.

Once clear of Algeciras the team settled into a steady trot up a long bit of hill; the numerous bells jingling merrily whilst the coachman and his assistant kept up an uninterrupted series of objurgations and appeals to the various animals by name. This talking to animals is one of the most noticeable accomplishments of

Spaniards, and is done with all sorts of beasts, and on all occasions, with good effect. Thus, the men or boys watching the vast herds of mares on the plains commonly take up a commanding position and shout to their charges, who appear to understand exactly what is required of them. The same remark applies to the cow-herds, goat-herds, and swine-herds, whilst it is notorious to all who have travelled in the country, the power a Spaniard has of commanding obedience from the bulls and also from the less truculent bullocks used in the plough. It is, of course, against the custom of a Britisher driving a four-in-hand to shout at his team, but there is no reason why horses should not be thus managed, when we recall to mind how absolutely, well-broken dogs obey orders thus given them.

Before we had gone very far we found out the varying qualities of our team, those whose names were rarely used, excepting as an encouragement, being the workers, whilst the shirks' names were ever in the mouths of the drivers. The long whip, with a twisted rope lash and leather thong, was from time to time used with severe effect, our coachman displaying great skill at cracking it in divers artistic manners and "catching" it neatly.

As we approached an extra stiff bit, the exhortations to two unfortunates, whose names we soon learned to be respectively *Jardinero* and *Marinero*, were increased, and the whips plied more vigorously. The effect produced was evidently not equal to what our jarvey expected, and presently the "second whip" jumped from off the box seat and, running up to the unlucky *Jardinero*, gave him a terrific flogging, ending up with a few indiscriminate cuts all round at the others. At the same time the postillion and driver roused up the leaders and wheelers, and the ponderous vehicle went off at speed, the "second whip" regaining his place by a flying leap as it passed him.

This remarkable performance was subsequently repeated at intervals, when the oburgations and oaths of the driver seemed to be disregarded. For some time after one of these scenes, the unfortunate horse who had most recently suffered, and who was again showing an inclination to shoulder in, on hearing his name would go off at score, and thus for a time would obviate a recurrence of the operation.

After a few miles through cultivated fields vividly green with young barley and beans, we got on the higher ground, con-

sisting of great ridges of stone, and, between these, patches of clayey soil densely overgrown with scrub. The latter consisted of green *cistus*, *lentiscus*, and *palmetto*, the yellow *genista* and *gorse* making the hillsides very bright-looking. The cultivated fields were covered with the bright blue flower of the common *borage*, and dotted with thousands of the beautiful white *narcissus*, at the time in full bloom. *Asphodels* of course were to be seen on every yard of ground not cultivated or covered with scrub, but few, at the time, were in flower.

We met a few vehicles, all of the same pattern, two-wheeled carts with tilted covers drawn by five or six mules, harnessed in single file. The people are slowly awakening to the advantages conferred on them by the road, and will no doubt, in years to come, use it more for wheeled traffic. Groups of country people bringing their produce into *Algeciras* market were constantly passed. Now an old lady with her donkey strung with live fowls and ducks suspended by their legs, heads down; then a party of men and boys with a string of mules and horses with charcoal from the hills, the bulky loads threatening to come into collision with us. On such occasions the postillion would blow a cracked horn, and the muleteers, with the usual curses at their overlaiden beasts, would drive them out of our way, but only at the last moment, when a catastrophe seemed certain.

The variety of loads carried by pack animals in a country like Spain, where roads are so rarely to be met with, can easily be imagined. On this day we met with a "family removing," evidently to some place in the hills. One donkey carried an iron bedstead, another a table, a third was entrusted with the family plate-chest or its equivalent. An Englishman would hesitate if asked to load up a donkey with a huge wooden box, but not so the Spaniard, who first throws a large sack half-filled with chopped straw over the animal's back, and then places the box "athwart," in which position it is skilfully lashed with a few yards of rope. If the balance is found to be not quite true, a big stone or two is jambed in between the cords on the lighter side, and the necessary equilibrium thus obtained.

After an hour and a half, the road passed through a cutting over a big spur of the mountain on our right. The view from here, looking back is certainly very fine. Across the five miles of water forming the entrance to the Bay of Gibraltar

the Rock lies broadside on, and from this point well deserves the Spanish name of "El Cuerpo," or the corpse, which it has so long borne; the rounded summit of the north front precipice forming the forehead whilst the indentations in the sky-line indicate the features and body of a man, with his knees at O'Hara's Tower and feet at Europa.

The thin strip of sandy ground connecting the rock with the mainland is hardly noticeable; beyond, the waters of the Mediterranean stretch far away, flanked on one side by the Sierra of Estepona, the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada extending eastward for miles until lost in the haze of the horizon.

Looking ahead, a grand view of the Straits is obtained, Tangier shining white in the distance, whilst Cape Spartel, the most northern point of Morocco, lies far away to the westward on the shining waters of the Atlantic.

The Straits themselves look only a few miles across, albeit they are a good fifteen at this point; Ape's Hill, the other pillar of Hercules, with the afternoon sun on its grand cliffs, seeming to be quite close.

The road now descends, winding round to the north in order to pass a deep ravine, through which runs the Guadalquivir stream, one of the great obstacles to its construction; through groves of cork-trees and Spanish oak, with the bright genista and white heath enlivening the sombre scrub, making one forget for a time the cruel fate which has made all these beautiful hills almost treeless. Certainly wherever the cork-trees have escaped the hand of the charcoal burner they alter the whole aspect of the country, and plants flourish in their grateful shade which would otherwise not be able to hold their own. Most of the larger trees are festooned with the beautiful Haresfoot fern, and in the glades the young bracken is already a foot high. Throughout nearly the whole of the route the road runs along hill-sides or on embankments, at many places the outer edge descends precipitously for many feet, and in order to guard against accidents a series of small, rectangular stone cairns are built at such intervals that the coach could not run over the bank in the event of the team getting off the track.

At length the last ascent is covered, and the road now runs down for some miles into Tarifa; at one point it turns back on itself, on a high embankment in a dangerously sharp curve. The team rattle down

at a canter, in an apparently reckless manner, enough to cause anxiety to weak nerves. The driver, however, understands his trade, and is ever ready to twist his wheelers away from an undesirable part of the track, although sometimes it must be admitted he runs it a little fine.

On a hill above Tarifa a remarkable quarry is passed of thin stratified rock, forming ready-made paving-stones, which only require to be cut to the desired shape before being packed on donkey-back and despatched.

The old Moorish gateway of Tarifa is passed at 3.30 P.M., just two hours and a half from Algeciras, and the team gallops up to the posting-house beyond it, the horn tootling and the whips cracking in concert with a duet of shouts from the driver and his aide-de-camp.

The arrival of the diligence is evidently the great event of the day of Tarifa, and a crowd soon assembled, conspicuous amongst them being the carabineros or customs officials.

In half an hour, sharp at four, the journey was resumed, this time with eight horses, the wheelers being a depressed-looking white horse, whose name we very shortly ascertained to be *Almirante*, and a brute of a mule which was evidently considered as unworthy of distinction, and abused, cursed and invoked simply as Mulo.

The road first traversed a grassy plain overgrown with asphodels, narcissus and squills, crossing a fair-sized river, and then struck up into the hills. Several snug-looking white *cortijos* or farmhouses lay off the road at intervals, the gardens fenced in with lofty pampas grass, and containing small orange groves and a few poplars, a favorite tree in these parts.

Blackberry bushes overgrown with masses of periwinkle in flower bordered either side of the route, the country being generally cultivated where sufficiently level for that purpose.

On our left hand, and less than a mile distant, the Atlantic rollers were breaking on the glistening sands, whilst some miles seaward the white horses amongst the blue waves indicated the position of the dreaded Cabezos Shoal, which lies almost in direct line between Cape Trafalgar and Tarifa.

The first ten miles after leaving the plain of Tarifa are all against the collar, the road traversing a pass between the Sierra de Enmedio on the east side, and the Sierra de San Bartolomé on the westward. These sierras are all much of the same



character, clayey hills at their base, then steeper ground, which gradually becomes more rocky and broken until the summits, which frequently consist of great precipices, are reached.

At 6 P.M., after a stage of fourteen miles, which occupied just two hours, we halted and changed teams.

Shortly after seven o'clock, by which time it was very dark, we reached the point on the road nearest to our destination. The diligence was halted and our kit extracted and heaped up on the roadside. In a few minutes the ponderous vehicle was again on its way, and with much cracking of whips and many shouts disappeared into the night.

Before long we succeeded in finding a Spaniard, who soon produced some donkeys, with the aid of which our baggage was conveyed to a neighboring *cortijo* which we proposed to occupy for the next few days, pending a further move to other quarters.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED  
LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

I.

"AFTER all, depend upon it, it is better to be worn out with work in a thronged community, than to perish of inaction in a stagnant solitude; take this truth into consideration whenever you get tired of work and bustle." So wrote Charlotte Brontë to a busy friend in London from the silence and solitude of her moorland home. Reading between the lines it is easy to realize how overwhelming to her fettered soul must have been that sense of stagnation of which she speaks; and how at times her spirit, chafing at the isolation to which it was doomed, must have craved to spread its wings, and take a part in that world which was to her but a name.

This extract is to be found in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," and is taken from a series of letters written to the same friend, Mr. W. Smith Williams — letters which give evidence of her necessity for feeling herself in touch with a sympathetic mind, such as, alas! she was little likely to meet with in the Yorkshire wilds of long ago. "I can give you but a faint idea of the pleasure your letters afford me; they seem to introduce light and life to the torpid retirement where we lie like dormice. I think if you knew *how*

pleased I am to get a long letter from you, you would laugh at me."

It is pathetic to notice how, as time goes on, her strong sense of duty helps her to modify her unsatisfied longings for intercourse with congenial natures, and even to school and subdue her tastes into something like acquiescence in a destiny which she believes to be ordained for her. In this, as in all the troubles and anxieties of her clouded lot, her cheerful and unmurmuring resignation to the inevitable is a marked characteristic of her nature. "For society," she writes later on, "long seclusion has in a great measure unfitted me. I doubt whether I should now enjoy it if I had it. Sometimes I think I should, and I thirst for it; but at other times I doubt my capability of pleasing or deriving pleasure. The prisoner in solitary confinement, the toad in the block of marble, all in time shape themselves to their lot. And let me be content with seclusion; it has its advantages. In general, indeed, I am tranquil; it is only now and then that a struggle disturbs me — that I wish for a wider world than Haworth; when it is past, reason tells me how unfit I am for anything very different."

Underlying these quiet words, does not the same unsatisfied note ring out clearly and distinctly to the sensitive ear? At the time the above was written Charlotte was indeed alone; her sisters, whose companionship and sympathy went so far towards peopling her little world, had been taken from her, and the forlorn heart left to mourn their loss must have been desolate indeed. But the crowded thoroughfare and the lone and solitary footpath lead alike to one end — to the inevitable moment when busy hands are folded and the active brain must perforce be still. Many years have passed since the above was penned; both writer and recipient have long ceased to strive and struggle, and Death's unsparing hand has remorselessly thinned the ranks of their contemporaries.

It is the good fortune of the writer of the present paper to possess a large number of these letters exchanged from time to time between the distant friends; letters which are in themselves a mine of wealth and beauty, and which are also interesting from their free and independent comment upon the writers and topics of the day. Mrs. Gaskell was aware of the existence of these letters, and when engaged in preparing the admirable biography of her friend, she begged a few for insertion; but at that time it was not

thought desirable to allow such as were of an intimate and confidential nature to appear in print. A scrupulous regard for the feelings of many people at that time living obliged Mr. Williams to refuse them, and it is evident from remarks addressed to him by Mrs. Gaskell on this subject in some letters now lying before me that she thoroughly appreciated his motives in withholding them. Many of these honorable scruples having been now removed, some extracts from this correspondence are here for the first time given in print. In selecting them their chronological order has not been studied, and some of her remarks upon Thackeray and others have been chosen for the present paper. It must not be forgotten that her views were entirely self-formed, and not in any sense acquired from the conventional criticism of the day, which doubtless has, and should have, its weight in fashioning individual opinion. I mean, taking her comments on Thackeray as an example, that while it is impossible to avoid the recognition of a luminary when basking in the full light and heat of its meridian, it requires a keener sense to predict its power from indications of glory in an eastern sky. "I wonder what the world thinks of him," she says in the letter quoted below, and the remark indicates her entire isolation from contemporary criticism and comment.

The first letter in which she mentions Thackeray is dated December 11th, 1847.

I hardly ever felt delight equal to that which cheered me when I received your letter containing an extract from a note by Mr. Thackeray, in which he expressed himself gratified with a perusal of "*Jane Eyre*." Mr. Thackeray is a keen, ruthless satirist. I had never perused his writings but with feelings of blended admiration and indignation. Critics, it appears to me, do not know what an intellectual boa-constrictor he is—they call him "humorous," "brilliant;" his is a most scalping humor, a most deadly brilliancy—he does not play with his prey, he coils round it and crushes it in his rings. He seems terribly in earnest in his war against the follies and the falsehood of the world. I wonder what the world thinks of him. I should think the faults of such a man would be distrust of anything good in human nature; galling suspicion of bad motives lurking behind good actions. Are these his failings? They are, at any rate, the failings of his written sentiments, for he cannot find in his heart to represent either man or woman as at once good and wise. Does he not too much confound benevolence with weakness, and wisdom with mere craft?

Her own estimate of human nature was

not at all times a high one. Ill-health, solitude, and sorrow doubtless had their share in inducing at times an abnormally morbid frame of mind which in happier moments was foreign to her; and some such mood must have been in the ascendant when she wrote the following words. The letter is dated during the period immediately following the death of her ill-fated brother, and the inference is obvious.

I thank you for your last truly friendly letter, and for the number of *Blackwood* which accompanied it; both arrived at a time when a relapse of illness had depressed me much; both did me good, especially the letter. I have only one fault to find with your expressions of friendship; they make me ashamed, because they seem to imply that you think better of me than I merit. I believe you are prone to think too highly of your fellow creatures in general; to see too exclusively the good points of those for whom you have a regard. Disappointment must be the inevitable result of this habit. Believe all men and all women, too, to be dust and ashes, a spark of the Divinity now and then kindling in the dull heap—that is all. You say that men of genius may have egregious faults, but they cannot descend to brutality or meanness. Would that the case were so! Would that intellect could preserve from low vice, but alas! it cannot. There is something divine in the thought that genius preserves from degradation, were it but true; but Savage tells us it was not true for him; Sheridan confirms the avowal, and Byron seals it with terrible proof! Is there a human being, you ask, so depraved that an act of kindness will not touch? There are hundreds of human beings who trample on kindness, and mock at words of affection. I know this, though I have seen but little of the world. I suppose I have something harsher in my nature than you have; something which every now and then tells me dreary secrets about my race, and I cannot believe the voice of the optimist, charm he never so wisely. As to the great, good, magnanimous acts which have been performed by some men, trace them up to motives, and then estimate their value; a few would gain, many lose by this test. The study of motives is a strange one; not to be pursued too far by one fallible human being in reference to his fellows. Do not condemn me as uncharitable. I know that while there are many good, sincere, gentle people in the world, with whom kindness is all powerful, there are also not a few who must often have turned benefits into weapons wherewith to wound their benefactors.

It looks as though, after all, Miss Brontë's and Mr. Thackeray's views with regard to mankind in general were not always at variance. "He judged human nature so meanly," says the latter of Sir

Robert Walpole, "that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right."

The next mention of Thackeray I find in the letters arises from a request or suggestion from Mr. Williams, who knew her to be possessed of considerable artistic talent, that she should herself illustrate the second edition of "Jane Eyre."

It is not enough to have the artist's eye [she writes] one must also have the artist's hand to turn the first gift to practical account. I have in my day wasted a certain quantity of Bristol board and drawing paper; but when I examine the contents of my portfolio now, it seems as if during the years it has been lying closed some fairy had changed what I once thought sterling coin into dry leaves, and I feel much inclined to consign the whole collection of drawings to the fire; I see they have no value. If, then, "Jane Eyre" is to be illustrated it must be by some other hand than that of its author; but I hope no one will be at the trouble to make portraits of my characters. Bulwer and Byron heroes and heroines are very well—they are all of them handsome; but my personages are mostly unattractive in look, and therefore ill-adapted to figure as ideal portraits. At the best I have always thought such representations futile. You will not easily find a second Thackeray. How he can render with a few black lines and dots shades of expression so fine, so real—traits of character so minute, so subtle, so difficult to seize and fix, I cannot tell; I can only wonder and admire. Thackeray may not be a painter, but he is a wizard of a draughtsman; touched by his pencil, paper lives. All is true in Thackeray; if Truth were again a goddess Thackeray should be her high priest. The more I read of his works the more certain I am that he stands alone; alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived in a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most Herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts. *He* borrows nothing from fever; *his* is never the energy of delirium; his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of "Vanity Fair" proves this peculiarly. Forcible, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting; carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it which sound as solemn as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardor, he has it under control; his genius obeys him—it is his servant, and works no fantastic changes at its own wild will; it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none other. Thackeray is unique. I can say no more. I *will* say no less.

14th August, 1848.

I have already told you, I believe, that I regard Thackeray as the first of modern masters. I study him with reverence. He, I see, keeps the mermaid's tail below water, and only hints at the dead men's bones and noxious slime amidst which it wriggles; but his hint is more vivid than other men's elaborate explanations, and never is his satire whetted to so keen an edge as when with quiet, mocking irony he modestly recommends to the approbation of the public his own exemplary discretion and forbearance. The world begins to know Thackeray better than it did two years, or even a year ago, but as yet it only half knows him. His mind seems to me a fabric as simple and unpretending as it is deep-founded and enduring. There is no meretricious ornament to attract or fix a superficial glance; his great distinction of the genuine is one that can only be fully appreciated with time. There is something—a sort of "still-profound"—revealed in the concluding part of "Vanity Fair" which the discernment of one generation will not suffice to fathom. A hundred years hence, if he only lives to do justice to himself, he will be better known than he is now; a hundred years hence some thoughtful critic, standing and looking down on the deep waters, will see shining through them the pearl without price of a purely original mind—such a mind as the Bulwers, etc., his contemporaries, have *not*; not acquirements gained from study, but the thing that came into the world with him—his inherent genius—the thing that made him.

10th January, 1850.

Thackeray's Christmas book at once grieved and pleased me. I have come to the conclusion that when he writes Mephistopheles stands on his right hand and Raphael on his left; the great doubter and sneerer usually guides the pen—the angel, noble and gentle, interlines letters of light here and there. Alas! Thackeray! I wish your strong wings would lift you oftener above the smoke of cities into the purer region nearer heaven.

The final extract which I shall give on this subject is interesting because it may possibly owe its origin to the effects of that memorable evening in Young Street, of which Mrs. Ritchie so charmingly tells us in a recent number of this magazine. She speaks of the appearance of Miss Brontë in her father's house on an occasion which had apparently been consecrated and set apart to do her honor; and she hints at the expectations which were formed—and alas!—disappointed—with regard to the words of wisdom which would inevitably drop from the lips of the honored guest, to the edification of the distinguished company assembled to meet her. Mr. Andrew Lang in the April number of *Longman's Magazine*, refers to the same

article, and in allusion to the absence of entertaining talk inquiries: "How did Miss Brontë manage it? By shyness, by superiority, or by a mixture of unsocial qualities? . . . Miss Brontë was perhaps shy and silent, while people felt the existence of criticism in her shyness — of criticism and perhaps of disapproval."

Poor Miss Brontë! It is only fair to let her speak for herself; for although the letter from which I quote may or may not refer to the occasion in question, it certainly throws some light upon the miserable condition of paralyzed nervousness (far removed, I should imagine, from any spirit of censoriousness), which, hidden under the mask of an extremely quiet and undemonstrative exterior, was undoubtedly Miss Brontë's characteristic. Her occasional remarks to the governors would be the result not of condescension but of her intense and often expressed sympathy with the class, added to the relief she must have experienced at being able, at intervals, to screw up courage to address anybody at all. To employ her own simile "the toad had (at all events, to outward appearance) in a measure "accommodated itself to the block of marble."

Brief as my visit to London was it must for me be memorable. I sometimes fancied myself in a dream. I could scarcely credit the reality of what passed. For instance, when I walked into the room, and put my hand into Miss Martineau's, the action of saluting her and the fact of her presence seemed visionary. Again, when Mr. Thackeray was announced and I saw him enter, looked up at his tall figure and heard his voice, the whole incident was truly dream-like. I was only certain it was true because I became miserably destitute of self-possession. *Amour propre* suffers terribly under such circumstances. Woe to him who thinks of himself in the presence of intellectual greatness! Had I not been obliged to speak, I could have managed well; but it behoved me to answer when addressed, and the effort was torture — I spoke stupidly.

It must have been before this time that her respect and admiration for Thackeray found vent in the dedication to him of the second edition of "Jane Eyre," for in telling Mr. Williams of her intention of so dedicating the book, she writes: "I know nothing whatever of Mr. Thackeray; he exists for me only as an author; of all regarding his personality, station, connections, and private history, I am totally in the dark." The tone of a part of the letter from which these words are taken suggests a faint apprehension that such an intention coming from a complete stranger, might not altogether find favor in the eyes of her

hero. "I need not tell you," she writes, "that when I saw Mr. Thackeray's letter enclosed under your cover the sight made me very happy. Yet it was some time before I dared open it, lest my pleasure in receiving it should be mixed with pain on learning its contents, lest, in short, the dedication should have been in some way unacceptable to him."

The result, however, does not appear to have justified any such misgiving on her part, and the compliment would seem to have been duly appreciated in the quarter to which it was directed. In the depths of a certain treasure-box which contains many another precious relic beside these letters, I find the following. It is undated, but from its tenor it seems reasonable to suppose that it has reference to this matter of the dedication.

13 Young Street,  
Kensington.

MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS, —

I am quite vexed that by some blundering of mine I should have delayed answering Currer Bell's enormous compliment so long. I didn't know what to say in reply; it quite flustered and upset me. Is it true, I wonder? I'm — But a truce to egotism. Thank you for your kindness in sending me the volumes, and (indirectly) for the greatest compliment I have ever received in my life.

Faithfully yours,  
W. M. THACKERAY.

It speaks well for the retiring and modest disposition of the authoress that the achievement of literary success had so little deleterious effect upon her. Her intense desire to remain unknown, and her genuine vexation when evidences on all sides met her ear that such concealment of her identity was becoming impossible, attest to the fact that personal popularity was not what she aimed at. She could not remain in ignorance of the power that she wielded. To assume unconsciousness of those gifts which were her birthright would have been an affectation of which her candid nature would have been incapable; but her manner of alluding to herself and her powers is sometimes touching in its noble simplicity. In her references to other writers, also, one is struck by the entire self-abnegation with which she seats herself at the feet of those from whom she believes she can derive profit and instruction.

The letter you forwarded to me this morning [she writes] was from Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of "Mary Barton." She said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so. Her note brought the tears to my eyes. She is a good, she is a great woman; proud am I

that I can touch a chord of sympathy in souls so noble.

Then follows, after some reference to Harriet Martineau:—

Both these ladies are above me—certainly far my superiors in attainment and experience. I think I could look up to them if I knew them. My resolution of seclusion withholds me from communicating further with them at present, but I now know how they are inclined to me. I know how my writings have affected their wise and pure minds. The knowledge is present support, and perhaps may be future armor.

Later on we find her resolutions of seclusion beginning to waver under the pressure of Miss Martineau's warmly expressed wish that she should visit her at Ambleside. "I like the idea," writes Charlotte; "whether I can realize it or not, it is pleasant to have it in prospect." Apart from her strong dislike to notoriety many considerations weighed with her in contemplating the possibility of an absence from home. "Remember," she replies to Mr. Williams's repeatedly urged remonstrance that she needed more change and variety than she is willing to accord to herself, "remember that Currer Bell is a country housewife, and has sundry little matters connected with the needle and the kitchen to attend to, which take up half his day."

Finally, however, the visit to Ambleside was achieved to her great satisfaction. The impressions resulting from it shall be given in her own words.

I trust to have derived benefit from my visit to Miss Martineau; a visit more interesting I certainly never paid. If self-sustaining strength can be acquired from example, I ought to have got good. But my nature is not hers; I could not make it so, though I were to submit it seventy times seven to the furnace of affliction, and discipline it for an age under the hammer and anvil of toil and self-sacrifice. Perhaps if I were like her I should not admire her so much as I do. She is somewhat absolute, though quite unconsciously so; but she is likewise kind, with an affection at once abrupt and constant, whose sincerity you cannot doubt. It was delightful to sit near her in the evenings and hear her converse—myself mute. She speaks with what seems to me a wonderful fluency and eloquence. Her animal spirits are as unflagging as her intellectual powers. I was glad to find her health excellent; I believe neither solitude nor loss of friends would break her down. I saw some faults in her, but somehow I liked them for the sake of her good points. It gave me no pain to feel insignificant mentally and corporeally in comparison with her.

This visit to Harriet Martineau must have given her many pleasant themes for reflection. It is so seldom we find her allowing herself similar indulgences in a life colorless no doubt, but rendered enduring by the clear and unfaltering sense of duty which was the mainspring of her conduct. With such sense of duty she never tampered, nor were pleasure, fame, or profit allowed to interfere with it. It was in adherence to this principle that she denied herself the delight of writing when the petty calls of every-day life claimed her thoughts and energies. The following letter was written at a time when anxiety on account of her father's eyesight, added to her usual household duties, induced her to devote herself to his comfort, as an object of paramount importance, and was in response to the urgent entreaty of her publishers for more work from her pen. While admitting her longing to resume the occupation which was so congenial to her she writes:—

I can make no promise as to when another will be ready; neither my time nor my efforts are my own. That absorption in my employment to which I gave myself up without fear of being wrong when I wrote "Jane Eyre" would now be alike impossible and blamable. Meantime I should say let the public forget at their ease, and let us not be nervous about it. As to the critics, if the Bells possess real merit, I do not fear impartial justice being rendered to them one day. I have a very short mental as well as physical sight in some matters, and am far less uneasy at the idea of public impatience, misconstruction, censure, etc., than I am at the thought of the anxiety of those two or three friends in Cornhill, to whom I owe much kindness, and whose expectations I would earnestly wish not to disappoint. If they can make up their minds to wait tranquilly and put some confidence in my good will, if not in my power to get on as well as may be, I shall not repine. But I verily believe that the "nobler sex" find it more difficult to wait, to plod, to work out their destiny inch by inch than their sisters do. They are always for walking so fast, and taking such long steps one cannot keep up with them. One should never tell a gentleman that one has commenced a task till it is nearly achieved. Currer Bell, even if he had no let or hindrance, and if his path were quite smooth, could never march with the tread of a Scott, a Bulwer, a Thackeray, or a Dickens. I want you clearly to understand this. I have always wished to guard you against exaggerated anticipations. Calculate low when you calculate on me.

With one more letter in which she expresses some opinions upon Southey and Jane Austen I will bring my paper to a conclusion. After criticism on various



writers whose works she has been reading, she says :—

The perusal of Southey's "Life" has lately afforded me much pleasure. Some people assert that genius is inconsistent with domestic happiness, and yet Southey was happy at home, and made his home happy; he not only loved his wife and children *though* he was a poet, but he loved them the better *because* he was a poet. He seems to have been without taint of worldliness; London with its pomps and vanities, learned coteries with their dry pedantry, rather scared than attracted him. He found his prime glory in his genius, and his chief felicity in home affections. I like Southey. I have likewise read one of Miss Austen's works—"Emma"—read it with interest, and with just the degree of admiration that Miss Austen herself would have thought sensible and suitable. Anything like warmth or enthusiasm, anything energetic, poignant, or heartfelt, is utterly out of place in commending these works. All such demonstration the authoress would have scorned as *outré* and extravagant. She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well; there is a Chinese fidelity, a miniature delicacy in the painting. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her—she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood; even to the feelings she vouchsafes no more than an occasional graceful but distant recognition; too frequent converse with them would ruffle the smooth elegance of her progress. Her business is not half so much with the human heart as with the human eyes, mouth, hands, and feet. What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life, and the sentient target of death—*this* Miss Austen ignores. She no more with her mind's eye beholds the heart of her race than each man, with bodily vision, sees the heart in his heaving breast. Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and rather insensible (*not senseless*) woman. If this is heresy I cannot help it. If I said it to some people (Lewes, for instance) they would directly accuse me of advocating exaggerated heroics; but I am not afraid of your falling into any such error.

It is not my intention to comment on the foregoing letters or to dwell on the talent and ability of their composer. So much has been done by able and loving hands to keep her memory green that further attempt at praise or criticism is unnecessary, and would indeed bear too much resemblance to the superfluous process of "refining a violet" to which Charles Lamb so characteristically objects.

E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

By universal agreement the Church of England is mourning the most brilliant of her prelates. When his appointment to the northern primacy was announced some four short months ago, the fairness of the selection was at once recognized, whether the test were zeal, industry, practical ability, eloquence. Bishop Magee had all these gifts. The one doubtful element in the problem was the fact that he had entered upon the seventieth year of his age. Moreover, his constitution had been severely tried by a serious illness eight years ago.

Though Dr. Magee sprang into general fame almost suddenly, those who had an intimate knowledge of what was going on in the religious world knew his great ability. Many church-going men, thirty years ago, who were in the habit of looking at announcements of preachers, and who found the name of Dean of Cork on the placards, settled the next Sunday's movements for themselves by arranging to go and hear him. He preached one night at one of the special services at St. Paul's from the text: "They say of me, Ah Lord God, doth he not speak parables?" The congregation was one of the largest that had ever been seen there—such an one is not an uncommon sight now—and many who came away declared that they had never heard so magnificent a sermon. It was a characteristic one; quite extempore; and an uncompromising assertion of received Christian doctrine, the central idea of the sermon being that it was the preaching of mystery and of the supernatural power of God which angered unbelieving Israel. If the prophet, so the preacher contended, had watered down his teaching into the general philanthropy and unsectarian generalities which many were crying out for now, no objection would have been taken to him. I mention this sermon at the outset, not merely because it was a very brilliant piece of declamation, but because it was a characteristic example of his preaching. You might agree or disagree with Dr. Magee's theology, but certainly he knew what he meant, and was never nebulous. An oration of similar substance, but not, in my judgment, so happy, was delivered by him on a memorable occasion fifteen years later, after he had become Bishop of Peterborough. When his name appeared at the beginning of the month of July, 1881, as the preacher selected for the Westminster Abbey evening sermon on the twenty-fourth, any one

might have foretold a large congregation. As it was, every available foot of the Abbey was filled an hour and a half before the service began. There had been crowds at the two preceding services when Farrar and Dean Vaughan preached. For Dean Stanley was to be buried on the morrow, and thousands who admired and loved him came to hear the funeral sermons, but all expected that Bishop Magee would carry off the palm. There were present that evening not only well-known churchmen, but a multitude of men outside the Church, whom Stanley had gathered round him and reckoned among his friends, among them leading Positivists and Agnostics. Two of the best known sat immediately under the pulpit. Stanley himself might have said smooth things to them; at least, he would have endeavored to find some common ground; but Bishop Magee had no tenderness in this direction. His sermon was as uncompromising a manifesto of mingled invective and sarcasm as ever had been heard within the walls of the Abbey. The impugnors of the Pentateuch were smitten hip and thigh; but it may be doubted whether the effect went beyond intense irritation in those who felt themselves attacked. The bishop had, no doubt, anticipated the opportunity, and he used it with a vengeance. His sermon lasted just an hour, but the *Guardian*, while printing the other two sermons verbatim, gave the bishop some twenty lines only, called it "eloquent," and merely quoted the eulogium on Stanley.

As uniformly consistent was another conservative line on which the bishop steadily moved. During his tenure of the rectory of Enniskillen,\* he published a pamphlet, which in later editions grew into a little volume, in favor of Church Establishment. Like everything which he wrote, it is racy reading. For example, after urging that the "voluntary system" so called is viewed by its advocates in an ideal state which never has been or can be realized, while the same controversialists magnify and distort the evils in the Establishment, he applies his tests to a pamphlet of Mr. Miall's, says that this is so conspicuously unfair that Mr. Miall is

obliged to shift his ground half way through, and to change his standpoint altogether, and then compares him to Balak. "Some men love to choose their standing point for the survey of any system to which they are opposed, as Balak advised Balaam to choose his long ago: 'Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place, from whence thou mayest see them; thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shalt not see them all; and curse me them from thence.'" A few pages further on, another passage in the same pamphlet is thus described: "We have a long string of concordance-gathered texts commanding Christians to 'give freely,' to be 'ready to give and glad to distribute,' and so on; which, with many references to the great success of our voluntary societies are urged as overwhelming proof of the scriptural inconsistency of those who, with such texts in their Bibles, venture to defend an Establishment. As if, forsooth, any one denied that voluntary effort was a Christian duty, as if we did not quote and enforce these texts in every charity sermon that we preach." Again, the term voluntary system is applied, he says, to chapels with pew rents. "The minister on this system first buys or hires a chapel, duly provided with comfortable accommodation, pews, cushioned, lighted, heated, and beaded; and he proceeds to let out this accommodation, and his own ministry, and the ordinances of the Gospel with it, to those who can afford to pay for them. Terms cash. If this be voluntarism, it certainly is not the voluntarism of the New Testament, to which our opponents are so fond of appealing. The primitive Church, we are told, had no tithes and no church rates. Had it any pew rents? Do we read that Paul was appointed by the elders to a fashionable church at Ephesus, or that James possessed an eligible propriety chapel at Jerusalem? Does the pew-rent system provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor?" He taunts his opponents with having their minister at their mercy and keeping him so. "They treat him like a wild beast who is kept humble by being kept poor. They pray for a blessing upon his basket and his store, while they take care that his basket shall be empty and his store nothingness itself." It had been argued that you secure more spirituality by means of the poverty of your ministers. "You do not; you only obtain your supply of ministers from a lower class of men. . . . Your only difference will be that you will have ignorant and ill-bred worldliness. . . . Some

\* The following are the chief dates in his life: Born December 17, 1821; Ordained, 1844; C. of St. Thomas's, Dublin, 1844-1846; St. Saviour's, Bath, 1847-1850; Min. of Octagon Chapel, Bath, 1851-1856; Inc. of Quebec Chapel, 1856-1864; R. of Enniskillen, 1866-1864; Dean of Cork, 1864-1868; Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin, 1866-1869; Bishop of Peterborough, 1868-1891; Archbishop of York, 1891; died May 5, 1891.

men would fain treat their ministers as the Brazilian ladies treat the fireflies, which they impale upon pins and fasten to their dresses, that the struggles and flutterings of the dying insect may give out sparks of light for their adornment. . . . I once heard of an ill-paid minister who went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon, 'I thought you worked for souls?' 'So I do,' replied the poor man, 'but I cannot eat souls; and if I could, it would take a good many souls of your size to make a dish!'"

I cannot give more of these quotations, but have taken so many because they make up a good specimen of Magee's early utterances on this subject. His great effort came in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill on the 15th of June, 1869, a speech still talked of with enthusiasm by those who heard it, and of which the late Lord Derby, then within a year of his end, said that it surpassed in eloquence any that he had heard in that House. He had been selected for the see of Peterborough by Disraeli, who was delighted with his sermon on the meeting of the Church Congress at Dublin, when Mr. Gladstone had declared for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The elections had not yet come off, Disraeli was still premier, and he took the opportunity of making Magee an English bishop. The choice was abundantly approved when he stood up next year in the House of Lords on behalf of the doomed Church. It is curious in reading that great speech to note that much of it, both as to arguments and incisive illustrations, is taken from the early work from which I have quoted, but the style is more finished, and each argument is driven home. There are two passages only which space will allow me to quote. The first has reference to Mr. Gladstone's peroration, in which he spoke of the bill as an act of justice and reparation to Ireland.

"What a magnanimous sight! The first thing that this magnanimous British nation does in the performance of this act of justice and penitence is to put into her pocket the annual sum she has been in the habit of paying to Maynooth, and to compensate Maynooth out of the funds of the Irish Church. The Presbyterian members for Scotland, while joining in this exercise of magnanimity, forget that horror of popery which was so largely relied on and so loudly expressed at the last elections in Scotland. They have changed their mind, on a theory that a bribe to

popery is nothing if preceded by plunder of the Protestant Episcopacy. Putting two sins together, they make one good action. Throughout its provisions this bill is characterized by a hard and niggardly spirit. I am surprised by the injustice and impolicy of the measure, but I am still more astonished at its intense shabbiness. It is a small and pitiful bill. It is not worthy of a great nation. This great nation, in its act of magnanimity and penitence, has done the talking, but has put the sackcloth and ashes on the Irish Church, and made the fasting be performed by the poor vergers and organists."

The other passage is from his peroration. Menaces had been uttered against the House of Lords should the bill be thrown out by them. The bishop's reply is the following: "My lords, as far as menaces go, I do not think that it is necessary that I should say one word by way of inducing your lordships — even if I could hope to induce you to do anything by words of mine — to resist these menaces. I believe that not merely the spirit of your lordships, but your lordships' high sense of the duty you owe to the country, would lead you to resist any such intolerant and overbearing menaces as those which have been uttered towards you. I believe that if any one of your lordships were capable of yielding to those menaces, you would be possessed of sufficient intelligence to know how utterly useless any such humiliation would be in the way of prolonging your lordships' existence as an institution, because it would be exactly the case of those who for the sake of preserving life lose all that makes life worth living for — it would be an abnegation of all your lordships' duties for the purpose of preserving those powers which a few years hence would be taken from you. Your lordships would then be standing in this position in the face of the roused and angry democracy of the country, with which you have been so loudly menaced out of doors, and so gently and tenderly warned within these doors. You would then be standing in the face of that fierce and angry democracy with these words on your lips: 'Spare us, we entreat and beseech you! spare us to live a little longer, as an order is all that we ask, so that we may play at being statesmen, that we may sit upon red benches in a gilded house, and affect and pretend to guide the destinies of the nation and play at legislation. Spare us for this reason — that we are utterly contemptible, and that we are entirely contented with our ignoble

position ! Spare us for this reason — that we have never failed in any case of danger to spare ourselves ! Spare us because we have lost the power to hurt any one ! Spare us because we have now become the mere subservient tools in the hands of the minister of the day — the mere armorial bearings on the seal that he may take in his hands to stamp any deed however foolish and however mischievous ! And this is all we have to say by way of plea for the continuance of our order.' My lords, I do not believe that there is a peer in your lordships' house, or any one who is worthy of finding a place in it, who could use such language or think such thoughts, and therefore I will put aside all the menaces to which I have referred. For myself, and as regards my own vote, if I were to allow myself to give a thought to consequences, much might be said as to the consequences of your lordships' vote to your lordships' house and to the Church which I so dearly love ; and I, a young member of your lordships' house, fully understand the gravity of the course I am about to adopt, and the serious consequences that may attach to that vote ; but, on the other hand, I feel that I have no choice in the matter — that I dare not allow myself a choice as to the vote that I must give upon this measure. My lords, I hear a great deal about the verdict of the nation on this question, but, without presuming to judge the conscience or the wisdom of others, and speaking wholly and entirely for myself, I desire to remember, and I cannot help remembering, this, that there are other and more distant verdicts than the verdict even of this nation — and of this moment — which we must, every one of us, face at one time or another, and which I myself am thinking of while I am speaking and in determining upon the vote I am about to give. There is the verdict of the English nation in its calmer hours, when it may have recovered from its fear and its panic, and when it may be disposed to judge those who too hastily yielded to its passions ; there is the verdict of after history, which we are making even as we speak and act in this place, and which is hereafter to judge us for our speeches and for our deeds ; and, my lords, there is that other more solemn and more awful verdict which we shall have to face ; and I feel that I shall be then judged not for the consequences of my having made a mistake, but for the spirit in which I have acted, and for the purposes with which I have acted." In the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" it is implied, on the

part of the bishop or his biographer, that Bishop Magee was insincere in this speech, the ground of the charge being that he had already expressed his opinion that it was of no use fighting a losing battle (iii. 283). Among Bishop Wilberforce's great qualities, freedom from jealousy was never conspicuous. I have two remarks only to make on the condemnation of Magee. (1) Reports of bishops' confidential meetings had always been held absolutely sacred until that biography published some of them, and this, too, in a manner of which the accuracy in several cases has been strongly denied. (2) There was no inconsistency in Bishop Magee's conduct. He said in substance : "I feel that I am bound to support the Irish bishops. My personal opinion is that this is a bad bill which we may as well pass and then amend it ; but if the Irish bishops think otherwise, it is our duty to accept their view" (p. 287). That the bishop's speech did not convince the House of Lords need not be added, but it is worth while for any one, reading his speech at length, to see how many of his prognostications have proved true.

In turning to a different subject we see the same principle at the bottom of Bishop Magee's action. In doctrine and practice he was all his life through a strong Conservative, yet one who keenly watched the signs of the times and the methods open to him to preserve all that he could. He had been an "Evangelical," as the phrase goes, at Bath and as Dean of Cork, and his convictions remained steadfast to the end. But he was too wise and too earnest a man not to recognize the good that was being done by the High Churchmen, and these always gave him their confidence and grateful love. Two of his charges administered sharp rebukes to the Ritualists, and warned of the mischief which they were in danger of causing, but he was like a faithful husband who admonishes his wife when she deserves it, but allows nobody else to speak harshly to her. Perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever made in Parliament was his motion for the rejection of Lord Shaftesbury's Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, in which that peer made the memorable proposal that three persons in any diocese might institute proceedings against a clergyman for alleged violation of rubrics. In a speech full of Irish humor, and delivered (so Archbishop Tait averred in conversation) in a rich Cork brogue, the bishop so pelted the bill with satire and indignant denunciation, that it was thrown out by nearly two

to one the same night, in spite of the primate's support.

"To any three persons in the diocese," he said, "who may be the greatest fools in it, is to be given the power of deciding whether the parish, or the diocese, or the Church at large is to be set in a blaze because they choose to club together their little money and their large spite to set a prosecution going. I cannot thank the noble earl for the compliment that he pays the bench of bishops when he thus proposes to hand over their discretion to this self-elected triumvirate of fools. Three persons! Why, my lords, three old women in the Channel Islands would have the right to prosecute for any minute violation of the rubric—say, for turning east at the creed—any clergyman in a district within sight of your lordships' House [the Surrey side was then in the Winchester diocese, as were the Channel Islands]. . . . About two years ago one of these disputes came before me for settlement, the clergyman and the parishioners having agreed to refer to my decision a question as to the service of the church. I believe I settled it to the satisfaction of everybody, with the exception of a Wesleyan preacher, who objected *in limine* to the reference, because he doubted whether the bishop's principles were sufficiently Evangelical; that is, he was not quite sure that the bishop would decide in his favor. Well, if he could only have found in the large diocese of Peterborough two other persons who were as great fools as himself, and that, by the way, would have been a most serious preliminary difficulty, he might, under this bill, have burdened the Church with a wretched lawsuit which the bishop amicably settled."

This was the speech in which he ticketed the Church Association with the nickname of "The Joint-Stock Persecution Company, with Limited Liability," a *sobriquet* which the Ritualists have not forgotten nor suffered to die. One after another his sallies so convulsed the House with laughter that Lord Granville is said to have nearly rolled off his seat, and Archbishop Tait was very little better. Lord Shaftesbury alone sat grim, and never once smiled.

Nine years later he administered a yet more unsparing castigation to Lord Oranmore on the same lines. Archbishop Tait, in consequence of the strenuous objections of the High Churchmen to the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Constitution of the Privy Council, moved for a Royal Commission on these courts. Lord Oran-

more opposed on behalf of the Church Association, and was made an example of by the eloquent denunciation of Bishop Magee (see *Guardian*, February, 1881).

The bishop evidently had a rooted antipathy to the Church Association, and during the days of the Ritual debates in Convocation and Parliament, he lost no opportunity of showing it. Thus, in July, 1873, he published a damaging correspondence convicting them of inaccuracy, and in the following December he sent them a cruelly polite letter, inviting them to draw up a canon "which, while respecting the sacred right of every sin-burdened penitent to open his grief to his pastor, would nevertheless enable a bishop to prevent that penitent from making and his pastor from receiving—in the necessarily impenetrable secrecy of such an interview—that kind of confession which should go beyond either the letter or the spirit of the teaching of our Church."

He supported Archbishop Tait's Public Worship Act, making a great stand, as did the primate himself, on behalf of the power of the Episcopal veto for the stopping of prosecutions. When some violent opponents of the act declared that they would not obey it, that if their bishop sent them a monition they would send it on to their lawyers, and that all that was needed was fatherly conduct on the bishop's part, his comment was: "I honestly desire, as far as I can, to be fatherly towards these men, but when I hear this sort of advice given to us, I am reminded of the solitary instance in which a ruler attempted to govern in this fatherly fashion, and that his name was Eli, while his sons were Hophni and Phineas."

On the Burials Bill he was true to his Conservative ideas, and opposed the concession to Dissenters. In the course of one of the discussions in Parliament he came into angry conflict with Archbishop Tait. The affectionate reconciliation of the two prelates is related in Archbishop Tait's life (vol. ii., p. 403), but Bishop Magee stuck to his opinions, though it is fair to add that after the act passed he loyally accepted it, and gave his clergy wise advice upon it.

Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that the bishop, besides being a shrewd politician, was a wise and fatherly prelate, a man of broad views, of great and generous heart; for many of his speeches have had the best of results; namely, sound practical improvements in our moral and social condition. His efforts on behalf of personal purity are well known; so, too,



are his endeavors to strengthen the efficiency of his clergy, to abolish abuses in Church patronage, to spread education, to promote thrift. His life was, in fact, sacrificed to his zeal on behalf of the work for prevention of cruelty to children. One famous epigram of his gave immense offence to the teetotallers, viz., that he "would rather see England free than sober;" but no man strove more sincerely, or more successfully, than he, to encourage temperance. All who knew him recognized in him the spirit of transparent truthfulness, in fact, the hatred of all humbug was such a passion with him as sometimes to get him into scrapes. But then the same manifest sincerity dragged him out again. Take the following witty bit from his address at the Working Men's Meeting at the Church Congress at Leicester in 1880:—

"When I hear men producing their little scraps of compliments to the working men in the same way as a cunning trader produces little bits of cloth and glass beads when he goes among a set of savages, I don't quite believe in it. When I hear persons trying to pet and coax working men, they remind me of the very timid groom who goes into the stall of a very spirited horse that he is afraid is rather vicious; he goes up to him timidly and tries to pat him here, and stroke him there, and all the while he has his eyes between the horse's ears to see if he turns them back; to see if he is going to be, as the Irishman said of his horse, very handy with his hoofs. I will tell you why he does so. It is, first, because the man is a coward; secondly, because he don't know his business as a groom; and thirdly, because he don't know the nature of the animal he has to do with. Then there is another class of men who proceed in another way. I have seen them go to the working man as if he were a horse in a field. I dare say you have seen a groom go up to the horse with a sieve full of oats in his left hand while behind him he has a bit and a bridle in the other. Now there are men who come to the working classes with great promises of the oats they are going to feed them with, which, by the way, are not their own oats but their neighbor's, and if the noble quadruped had a few of the grains of sense that are scattered about, he would sniff the bridle and the bit, and say—I would rather not have the oats. Then, occasionally, you see a stout man approach the horse with a heavy whip, but he never gets near him—hasn't a chance. Those who are about to ad-

dress the working man to-night are not going to approach him as if he were a horse at all; they are going to speak to him as a man."

As I have said, his outspokenness sometimes got for him hard words. Thus, he angered the Leicestershire Nonconformists not very long after the Congress by saying that the Liberation Society would evidently prefer a gin-shop to a Church. And the mayor who had welcomed him to Leicester at the Congress signified his displeasure by sending £50 to the Liberation Society. But in the long run nobody ever got on better with the Nonconformists than the bishop. Witness their affectionate farewell to him.

A whole volume could be filled with witty sayings of his which came in pat to the purpose when wisdom was wanted to shut up some mischievous speaker or correspondent. The bishop was generally happy when such persons tried to "draw" him. Thus a foolish man in Torquay, who was angry with the Burials Bill, got up a memorial and sent it to the bishops requesting to know what they were going to do and proposing to publish their replies. Bishop Magee, after objecting to being publicly catechized by a man that he had nothing to do with, went on gravely to say: "In this as in every other matter concerning the interests of the Church and of religion in this country in which it may be my duty to act, I propose to take such steps as after careful consideration may appear right and wise to take." The gentleman would hardly have kept his word as to publication, but the bishop published it himself. Another foolish fellow was good enough to tell him that he highly approved some views the bishop had expressed in his sermons at Bath about the ordination service, and wished him to explain how they could be reconciled with the views of Dr. Pusey. The bishop in reply referred him to the sermon, and begged him to try to understand it for himself. "Whether you find my statements satisfactory or the reverse—or whether they can be reconciled with certain statements made by Dr. Pusey or by any other person, are questions on which you are, I presume, capable of forming your own judgment."

Presiding on the 17th of May, 1879, at the festival of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, he made two of his happiest after-dinner speeches. Here is a delicious paragraph from one of them: "It is some years since I carried off from the walls of your Academy, in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a

domestic rebuke — what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream, and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his bishop — or, perhaps, by a question of the color of some vestment worn by one who has an artistic eye — I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully towards its evening. There is something in it that rests and soothes me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with safety."

Not less felicitous was a speech which he made on the day of the consecration of St. Mary's, Edinburgh (October 30th, 1879). He had preached one of his finest sermons in the morning, and at the dinner which followed, gave equal delight to his audience. Scotchmen, as everybody knows, are specially proud of a brother Scot who has distinguished himself outside their native land, and they can also enjoy a gentle joke against themselves for a small weakness of which they are not unconscious — namely, the inclination to discover some trace of Scotch blood in celebrated people. The bishop found his opportunity of humoring them, when Lord Mar gave as a toast "The Churches of England, Ireland, America, and the colonies." The bishop in responding said, that in selecting him to reply to the toast, there was certainly one point in favor of the selection. They had chosen to speak to this composite toast of theirs one who occupied an English see but was an Irishman, and who had the honor and happiness of having some Scotch blood in his veins. He remembered some years ago when the eminent Scotchman who now occupies so worthily the chair of Canterbury (loud cheers) heard from him a sermon which his Grace was kind enough to think of in a favorable manner, the archbishop expressed his approval with his usual graceful humor. He asked him when he came out of the cathedral, "Bishop, was not your mother a Scotchwoman?" He answered, "No, your Grace, she wasn't; but I believe her grandmother was." (Great laughter.)

Archbishop Magee's *bon mots* were almost as many as Sydney Smith's. It is

to be hoped they will be collected, and enshrined in a biography the staple of which will be, after all, the record of the work not of a mere brilliant humorist, but of a great and good man. I can only jot down a few which I have heard from friends; one or two from his own lips. It is well known that he disliked being solicited for preferment. He prided himself on doing his best to find the right men for himself. One applicant not only badgered him unmercifully, but came up to London, and caught him at the Athenæum. "Mr. —," said the bishop, "if it rained livings, I would offer you — an umbrella." Another patronage story which perhaps straitlaced people will think requires a little kindly allowance — and surely it needs only a *very* little — is the following. A layman solicited the bishop on behalf of the curate of his parish, and after pleading his cause, got the bishop's promise to give the curate the vacant living. The delighted squire exclaimed, "Many thanks, your lordship, and I can tell you that you will find him a regular trump card." The bishop was rather surprised, and perhaps nettled at the unseemly metaphor, but said nothing. But a little later, after the new incumbent had taken possession, he met the squire again, who repeated his small jest, "Well, my lord, I told you that Mr. — would turn up a good trump." This was too much for the bishop's forbearance, who replied, "Well, sir, in the short time that he has been there he has managed to show his hand a great deal too much, and he has played the deuce." Walking with Bishop Atlay at Hereford, whereas every one who has been there knows the beautiful river Wye washes the episcopal grounds, the latter said, "Well, we think our cathedral very interesting, but it is not nearly so grand as yours." "I think," was the reply, "that you may consider your flowing river (pointing to it) better than my Dead Sea." This name had got affixed to the diocese of Peterborough during Bishop Davys's tenancy.

Here is a story which I heard him tell. Some members of his congregation — I think at Enniskillen, but am not sure about that — came to him when he was leaving his incumbency, to bid him farewell. "And we can assure you, sir," they said, "that we have profited so much by your ministry, and feel that it has done us so much good, that we have resolved that after ye've gone and left us, we'll none of us ever go to church any more."

The bishop was well up in his Dickens,

and very frequently went to him for illustrations. Thus he came into Lambeth Library one day, where he was engaged to speak at some meeting, and said, with comical weariness of manner, "I feel like Mantalini, whose life was one horrid grind; my life nowadays is one horrid speech." When he was denouncing Lord Shaftesbury's bill, he quoted Squeers, who expressed the great pleasure he had found in thrashing Smike in a hackney coach — "there was such a relish in it." This, said the bishop, is exactly what the aggrieved parishioners will do. There will be no real good to be got by their bullying poor, hardworking clergy, but it will be a novelty, and therefore they will find a relish in it. And to him has been attributed another humorous application out of the same volume, which found its way into a Church newspaper. Bishop Claughton, Archdeacon of London, held a visitation to which nobody came. The good bishop was naturally annoyed, and expressed his opinion that some means ought to be used to compel them to obey the archidiaconal summons. Thereupon Mr. Squeers was quoted for an illustration. "Bishop Claughton is of Mr. Squeers's opinion that the world is chockfull of visitations, and if a boy repines at a visitation, he must have his head punched."

Preaching at the Chapel Royal, Dublin, on the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, at the time when the disestablishment of the Irish Church was imminent, the bishop applied the parable thus: "The spirit of pharisaism wears different garbs, and speaks in different tones in different ages. The original Pharisee said, 'I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all I possess.' The modern Pharisee says: 'I don't fast; don't see the use of it, and don't pay my tithes.' No, to do you justice, you don't."

But I must repeat emphatically what I have already said: it would be a false picture of Magee to represent him as pre-eminently a joker. He could not, indeed, help answering a fool according to his folly. But some of his best speeches breathe a fervent piety which cannot be mistaken. I might quote at large from his published sermons, but content myself with referring to three speeches, one delivered at the Church Congress at Bath on the subject of Sunday Schools (*Guardian* for 1873, p. 1364), one on the Central African Mission (Feb. 1875) and one at Wellingborough in May, 1874. The first two are full of the eloquence of deep and tender pathos. The last was called forth by ribald

posters which were stuck all over the town on the occasion of his coming to consecrate a cemetery, and which resulted in a mob which hooted and hustled him at the service. He boldly invited the people to a special service at the parish church. It was crowded, and he addressed them in a manner, marvellous even to read of. The hearing carried all before it, and no man from that day was more popular there.

But I must close these reminiscences. I met the bishop often, but many who read these pages will have known him far better than I did. Yet on their behalf, and as one that read his speeches with delight, and was privileged to hear many of his utterances, both witty and wise, I lay this humble wreath on the grave of one whom the Church of England in years to come will reckon among her true and faithful sons, a delightful, unselfish, generous man, and withal a great prelate and father in God.

W. BENHAM.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE MARRIAGE OF FRANCES CROMWELL.

1. THESE are to certify whom it may concern that (according to a late Act of Parliament entituled "An Act touching marriages and the registering thereof, etc.") publication was made in the publique meeting-place in the parish church of the parish of Martin's in the Fields in the county of Middlesex, upon three several Lord's days, at the close of the morning exercise (namely upon the xxv day of October MDCLVII, as alsoe upon the i and viii days of November following), of a marriage agreed upon between the honourable Robert Rich, of Andrewes, Holborne, and the right honourable the Lady Frances Cromwell of Martin's in the Fields in the county of Middlesex. All which was fully performed according to the said Act without exception.

2. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ix day of November MDCLVII.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Register of the parish of Martin's in the Fields.\*

November 11. — This day the most illustrious lady the Lady Frances Cromwell, youngest daughter of His Highness the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble gentleman Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and of the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, in the presence of their Highnesses and of his grandfather and father and the said Countess, with many other persons of high honor and quality. The solemnities of the happy nuptials were continued and ended with much honor.

\* Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, No. xiii., p. 500.

THE "happy nuptials," of which the above are respectively the last preliminary and the official record in *Mercurius Politicus*, the gazette of the period, had not been finally concluded without much difficulty. For the course of true love in this case had certainly not run smooth.

"Robin Rich's" courtship of the Lady Frances had lasted nearly two years, but it had had many obstacles to overcome. We need not pay too much attention to the stories which would make the exiled Charles II. or the Duc d'Enghien suitors whose eligibility was gravely discussed; still less need we regard too seriously the curious story of Jerry White the chaplain. But a voice from the grave seemed to interpose between the lovers. John Dutton, a wealthy Gloucestershire squire, left his nephew William to the guardianship and disposition of his Highness the Lord Protector, and not content with this, humbly requested

That His Highness will be pleased in order to my former desires and according the discourse that hath passed betwixt us thereupon, that when he shall come to ripeness of age, a marriage may be had and solemnized betwixt my said nephew William Dutton and the Lady Frances Cromwell, His Highness's youngest daughter, which I much desire, and (if it take effect) shall account it as a blessing from God.

But my Lady Frances would have none of Mr. Dutton. His uncle's will, dated early in 1655, did not come to be proved until the middle of 1657, and a year before that she and "Robin Rich" were "so far engaged that the match cannot be broke off."

Apart from Mr. Dutton, however, there were other troubles. Troubles about the marriage settlements, which it seems, from Mary Cromwell's correspondence with her brother Henry, only covered a deeper objection, rumors prejudicial to the suitor's private character having come to the protector's ears. The reports were false, and Frances having satisfied herself of the fact, got her sister Mary and some other friends to speak to her father in her lover's favor, and he promised that, if the reports proved without foundation, the difficulties about the settlements should not prevent the match. Still the negotiations dragged on slowly. Nine months after Mary's intercession, Sir Francis Russell wrote to Henry Cromwell, his son-in-law, that there was "trouble about the business of Mr. Rich and my Lady Frances," which seemed "to trouble the minds both of your father and mother

more than anything else." Three months later he reported: "'Tis verily thought that the match between your sister and Mr. Rich is upon the point concluded on."\* Still there was a delay of nearly five months, for, as we have seen, it was not till the end of October that the banns were first published in church.†

A paper preserved in Thurloe gives the proposals for settlement made by the Earl of Warwick on behalf of his grandson. The Warwick estates, including Warwick House, were to be settled upon trusts giving Robert Rich and Lady Frances £2,000 a year during the lives of the bridegroom's father and grandfather, to be increased to £2,500 on the death of the earl, and £3,050 if Lord Rich should die in the earl's lifetime. Frances, if she survived her husband, was to have a jointure of £2,000 a year, and Warwick House after the death of the earl and countess.

All the town was now talking of the great wedding. The third publication of the banns was on Sunday the 8th of November, and the ceremony took place on the following Wednesday the eleventh.

A more gossiping account than the official record of *Mercurius Politicus* opens for us a window into Whitehall:—

On Wednesday last was my Lord Protector's daughter married to the Earl of Warwick's grandson. Mr. Scobell, as a justice of the peace, tyed the knot after a godly prayer made by one of His Highness's divines: and on Thursday was the wedding feast kept at Whitehall, where they had 48 violins and 50 trumpets and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing (a thing heretofore accounted profane) till 5 of the clock yesterday morning. Amongst the dancers there was the Earl of Newport, who danced with Her Highness. There was at this great solemnity the Countess of Devonshire (grandmother to the bridegroom), who presented the bride with £2,000 worth of plate.‡

The Countess of Devonshire is one of the most interesting figures among the wedding guests. She was an unwonted visitor at the protector's court, and it must have seemed strange to her to remember under what circumstances she was last at

\* Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Mus., 823.

† The delay may have been in part due to political causes. We read in a letter (March 28, 1657) apparently addressed to Paris, and which alludes to the recent debates as to Cromwell assuming the title of king—"There was likely to have been a match between the Earl of Warwick's grandchild and the protector's daughter, but this new dignity has altered it. It is reported that a match may be found in your parts." (Calendar State Papers—Domestic, 1656-7.)

‡ Hist. MSS. Commission, 5th Report. Trentham MSS.

Whitehall. The blood of the Stuarts and the Bruces flowed in her veins. She was the daughter of that Lord Bruce of Kinloss, whose monument we may see in the Rolls Chapel in Chancery Lane, and who did much to further James I.'s accession to the English crown. She had been married, at the instance of the king, to Lord William Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, and with him had lived in boundless magnificence and in close connection with and attendance on the court of both James and Charles. Left a widow with three young children, with estates burdened with debts and law-suits, she was yet able, by force of character, rigid economy, and wise management, to hand over the Devonshire estates to her son on his majority cleared from all the incumbrances which had threatened to swamp them in ruin, besides providing her children with the highest education and culture of the time. She had lost her second son, Colonel Charles Cavendish, "the young, the lovely, and the brave" of Waller's epitaph, by the sword of Cromwell's lieutenant at Gainsborough fight. She had been engaged ever since the breaking out of the Civil War in planning and intriguing first for the success of Charles I. and afterwards for the Restoration. It is even said that a warrant had at one time been issued for her arrest, but that a bribe to a member of the Council of State had saved her from its actual execution. At this very time she was carrying on cypher correspondence by her chaplain with members of the party of Charles II.

While the negotiations for the marriage were still in progress, the countess had been invited by the protector to Hampton Court. Walking in her garden one day, she took counsel with Robert Frampton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, then chaplain to her brother Lord Elgin, on the subject, who, after recounting "all that traitor's villainy," advised her "with such an one, no not to eat." The countess took her own course, however, and went to Hampton Court. She could not but be deeply interested in the match, for the bridegroom was the only child of her only daughter, the beautiful Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, who had died nearly twenty years before, when her boy was two years old. Robert Rich, now only twenty-two, had been committed by his dying mother to the care of Dr. Gauden, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and, according to his tutor's account, had grown up a studious and thoughtful youth full of promise. His father, Lord Rich, was not a person

of good reputation, but his grandfather, Lord Warwick, was a brave and worthy man.

Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, was a man of sixty-nine or seventy. He had been lord high admiral for the Parliament in the Civil War, and was Cromwell's staunch friend of long standing. Of a free, generous mode of living, he possessed a wide popularity, and Calamy, in his funeral sermon, said of him that he was the best natured man in England. We do not know if his countess was present with him at the wedding. He was at this time married to his third wife, Ellinor Wortley, widow of the Earl of Sussex.

Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport, who trod a measure with the lady protectress, was a less popular and less reliable man. He had been a Royalist, but not without suspicion of half-heartedness, or worse. Two years previously, on the other hand, he had been committed to the Tower by Cromwell on suspicion of treason. It is not without interest to remember that he and Lord Warwick were both sons, by different fathers, of Penelope Devereux, the "Stella" of Sir Philip Sidney.

But we must not forget the bride and her kinsfolk. Frances Cromwell wanted only a few days to complete her nineteenth year. Of the four sisters, she is the one whose face we are the least able to picture in the bloom of her youth. The portraits of her in later life give little sign of the personal beauty of which several writers speak. Of her brothers and sisters, Fleetwood and Bridget were doubtless there from Wallingford House close by, possibly Richard, certainly Elizabeth Claypole, the princess royal of the protectoral court. From the various portraits of Elizabeth which exist, we can form a pretty accurate idea of her appearance at this time. Hers is a face about which there must always have been a peculiar charm. The youthful beauty and almost arch grace which characterize the charming portrait of her attributed to Robert Walker, had faded now into the sweet gravity and tenderness which we see in Cooper's miniature, and delicate health had given her that matronly air which strikes one at first as denoting a more advanced age than seven or eight and twenty. Her children were growing up round her, and the lines in which Andrew Marvell has left a picture of the mutual love of the protector, his daughter, and her children, are doubtless a transcript of what he saw every day in his attendance at Whitehall.

Mary and Frances were almost of an



age, and naturally shared all each other's plans. Mary's letters show that she was Frances's confidant and counsellor in her love troubles, and how wisely she performed the office. Now, when her sister's difficulties had been surmounted, she had her own to think about, for her own wedding was to take place in a week's time, though the courtship had only been of a month's duration, and we can see plainly from her subsequent correspondence with what a flutter of uncertainty she was looking forward to what she felt to be almost a leap in the dark. We may think of the favored suitor, Lord Fauconberg, as one of the company, and we find also the name of "the Lord Strickland," one of the Council of State. Was John Howe the divine, who said the prayer over the young couple, and was the blind Latin secretary there? and young Andrew Marvell, his assistant, who wrote two songs for Mary Cromwell's wedding the following week?

The festivities continued several days. On Saturday, the fourteenth, we hear that they are still in full swing. What days of "music and dancing and great feasting" in Whitehall, now "very glorious and well furnished," "more richly furnished than in any king's time." Some one gave "a good quantity of Barbary wine." Lady Claypole's present was two sconces of £100 apiece, while the plate given by Lady Devonshire was all of gold, "with one (they call) the piece royal; 'tis such as I have seen used for the waiter to carry a glass upon." As for some of the "frolics," if we are to credit another account, they can scarcely have been very acceptable.

The Protectour threw about sack posset among all the ladies to soyle their rich clothes, which they tooke as a favour, and also wett sweetmeates and dawbd all the stooles, where they were to sitt, with wett sweetmeates; and pulld of Riches his perucque, and would have

throwne it into the fire, but did not, yet he sate upon it.

An old formall courtier that was gentleman usher to the Queene of Bohemia, is enterneyed among them, Sir Thomas Billingsley, *senza barba*; and he danced afore them in his cloke and sword, and one of the four of the Protectour's Buffons made his lip black like a beard, whereat the Knt. drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow.\*

The following week the scene changes from the bride's house to the bridegroom's, Warwick House in Holborn, of which Warwick Court still preserves a memory. Holborn was then full of stately mansions. Hard by was Brook House, where the following summer the French ambassadors were lodged. Nearly opposite stood Southampton House, afterwards to be the town house of Lord William Russell.

At Lord Warwick's, the festivities continued till the middle of the week, when on the Wednesday afternoon the protector and his family went down to Hampton Court for the wedding of Lady Mary and Lord Fauconberg on the following day.

Mary's *mariage de convenance* was to last nearly half a century. Frances's love match only lasted three months and five days. She was left a widow on the 16th February, 1658.

It was the first blow of those which this fatal year brought in such rapid succession on the protectoral household. Lord Warwick followed his grandson before the spring had fairly set in. Little Oliver Claypole died in June, Lady Claypole in August, and the solemnities attending her funeral were scarcely over when the lord protector himself lay down on that bed at Whitehall from which he was destined not to rise again.

\* Richard Symond's Note Books. Harl. MSS., No. 991. He says: "This Hatton Rich told his acquaintance." Hatton Rich was Lord Warwick's youngest son by his first marriage, and as uncle of the bridegroom was probably present.

THE relations of weather and disease have been recently investigated by Herr Magelssen, of Leipzig, who, having formerly called attention to the nature of certain "waves" which recur in the variations of temperature (distinguishing waves of about twelve days, fifty days, and eighteen to twenty years' duration), now traces a connection of these with diseases and mortality. The year-waves especially show this connection; the mortality (in our latitudes) varying with the winter temperature. The least mortality (relatively) is at the middle part of the temperature periods. The injurious influence of heat is dominant in the

more southern latitudes (such as Vienna), while cold begins to act beneficially. In northern places, mild winters prove injurious where several very mild winters come in succession (*e.g.*, Stockholm in 1871-74). The most favorable conditions seem to be an alternation of moderately cold and moderately mild winters. Too much importance, the author thinks, has been attached to relative humidity. He further offers proof that infectious disease is even more dependent on weather than disease of the respiratory organs, or arising from chill

Nature.